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PETER FENELON COLLIER,
No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1896.

A DEEPER VIEW.

If the opportunities for doing immediate and tangible good, always so abundantly open to the editorial departments of public journals, were availed of as readily as was the case with COLLIER'S WEEKLY in its last two issues, May 21 and 28, the thought, action and forms of life of the world would indeed soon be stimulated and reshaped for the better. It is both a duty and pleasure to me to make this observation. Rarely, indeed, has the writer of a signed article in any publication had so signal an occasion for expressing his grateful approval of the spirit in which the editorial management has responded to his suggestion of handling an exceptional moment and a most inspiring subject. It is the misfortune, I had almost said the curse, of journalism that it keeps habitually to the lower levels of half-heartedness, the cold compromises of the half-soul, in the opinions and sentiments it puts forth for the food of the public mind. Our journalism, indeed, as a rule, is so bitterly afraid of anything like strong personal passion and feeling, in the direction of good, that the "hunger and thirst for righteousness," the deeper affections, admirations, desires of the yearning and half-starved human intellect and heart, rarely find any journalistic word that answers their clamorous needs. The dumb prayer for some glimpses of the Higher Heavenly life which goes up daily from bruised human spirits is scarcely ever furnished with a voice in the cold columns of the daily and weekly press. Husks for grain and stone for bread are all that the higher aspiration usually receives from that much bepraised Instructor, which in fact is just as often as not the Destructor, of the unfortunate public. You of COLLIER'S WEEKLY have shown yourselves minded, on a singular and testing occasion, to take this higher ground of emotion and aspiration. And that you have done this, and done it through my pen, and on such an occasion as that of the unveiling of the monument at New Rochelle on the 9th of May, and with the result of bringing to the public thought two such themes as "The Nation, the Heroes, the Flag, the Children," and "He Was My Friend," is a thing for which I feel myself justified in thanking you, in the name of the public and my own.

For indeed the significance of this incident is so considerable that I am well convinced it will, when elucidated by more ample interpretation than your space can now afford, impress and elevate minds and hearts, susceptible of good, deeply and exceptionally for their guidance and good. Allow me now to indicate, as briefly as may be, some of these larger and deeper aspects of thought and feeling opened by this event.

First, there is that extraordinary enhancement and, so to speak intercommunication, of life and death, which constitutes the most solemn fact in the whole range of the solemnities of existence; that fact which led the deepest-hearted of all the modern philosophers to require that all incidents should be regarded as of the

"species," and visible as in the mirror, of Eternity. Observe it well! On Saturday the 9th the crowd assembled at New Rochelle with life pulsing full in every vein, and doubtless with little but the thought of the glories and joys of life coursing through each brain and exciting each bosom. Yes, it was doubtless so; although the occasion was the unveiling a monument to heroes fallen on the battlefield. And there was the gifted and remarkable man of whom we have written; the beloved of all present; the inspiring author of a suggestion heightening its poetry and elevating its moral beyond that of any precedent homage to the dead soldiers; the master of the music of the occasion, the childlike leader of the children's song! There was the central figure of the moment! Who could have supposed anything so impressive and awe-inspiring as the fact that this was the last incident of his life; and that the whole ceremony was in fact, in a true, deep sense, the commencement of his funeral obsequies; predestined by that fact to sink deeper and deeper into the memories of all present, and to be a theme of power, elevating the spirit not only of this nation but of Humanity at large for all time? For not only here, but everywhere and in all times it may be, men will lift the wine-cup and drink in the name of their Memories and Hopes to "The Nation, the Heroes, the Flag, the Children!"

There is something more; something as important as, perhaps even more important than, the foregoing; something which furnishes matter for even deeper reflection.

The world's work, its higher work, that upon which depends the maintenance of civilization, which prevents relapse into barbarism, is done, broadly speaking, by two classes of human beings—the illustrious and the obscure. Of these two classes it is certain that the humbler one, the one which has never achieved fame or notoriety of a good kind, represents the bulk of the human family, and its more indispensable part. And there is one very deep, serious and pathetic fact connected with the truth just stated. It is this: Among the "obscure" of this world, the fameless vast majority of mankind, it is quite certain, though a strangely overlooked fact, a fact of the very deepest import to the moral fortunes of mankind, that there are to be found those who intrinsically are the greatest, the best, the most indispensable of the sons and daughters of man. And it comes about in this wise: Fame, great eminence in any of the higher fields of human endeavor—Statesmanship, Science, Art, Literature—is acquired by an not inconsiderable sacrifice of the noblest elements of the moral being. This seems a very hard saying, but it is bitterly true. No intellectually great person can develop his powers, with the view to the practical achievement in any one direction that leads to fame, unless actuated by that ambition to assert his or her personality which keeps the character on a lower level than the highest attainable when the sense of personality is merged in the pure love and service of fellow-creatures. And there is another point. For that highest achievement which brings fame not only must the moral being descend somewhat but even the intellectual being must put itself into limitations: so great is the need of studious concentration within defined limits if great success in any walk of mental endeavor is to be reached.

But let us take the case of the man—or woman—in whom the spirit of love and goodness is so supreme that the desire to reach a position of fame, of dominating superiority over brothers and sisters, never finds room to assert itself. Let us suppose such a being to have manifold intellectual gifts in almost every direction—intellectual, artistic and others. Certain it is that we have here a higher purely human type than that of the very highest genius which extorts the superficial admiration of mankind. The extreme cases are put here for the sake of contrast. It is the most convenient way of leading up to the pointing of the great moral involved and the great practical purpose to which it points the world's attention.

That world has wealth or fame or both for the successful and gifted ambitious. But hitherto it has found no way to mark its appreciation of those greater and better ones who remain obscure out of the abundance of their gifts of love and thought, or of the inward power so great in multiplied directions that it refuses to limit itself to one. This highest human type of virtue remains so far its own reward. Perhaps it must always remain so. It must, perhaps, always be, as the great Latin saying has it, that he hath lived best who hath kept himself unrevealed. And certain it is that the world, the world at large, cannot, from the nature of the case, confer Fame, and all that Fame implies, except upon those who run visible in the race for it. All the more may and should men and women, in their more private relations of life and business, be quick to mark, select and reverence those exceptionally good and gifted who seek not their own personal advantage and who are the best of consolers, helpers, ministrants in all the private offices of business and affection: the non-commissioned officers, so to speak, upon whose labors the efficiency for victory of the great Army of Mankind so absolutely depends.

And, above all, when such a one dies suddenly, and in the very midst of events which so strangely illustrate and symbolize the beautiful character and gifts which the world at large never knowing never could reward; all the more desirable is it that, at that moment of trans-

figuration, those who have the knowledge and the opportunity should set up that Figure on its own pedestal for the loving admiration of the people and for the teaching of that supremely great lesson here inculcated: That it is the Good and Faithful Obscure upon whom the world's welfare pivots, rather than the Illustrious Known.

Such a Figure in an incomparable degree was the man of whom you of COLLIER'S WEEKLY have permitted me through your columns to discourse to the public. It was a good deed, and once again I thank you that you have done it.

ALFRED H. LOUIS.

DOUBLY INSURED.

In the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Cleveland, O., May 27, the Committee on State of the Church reported in favor of organizing a mutual church insurance company, the affairs to be in charge of a Board of Insurance and the company to do a general fire, lightning and tornado business. William M. Swindells, the chairman of the committee, said that it was practical as a plan, and that its adoption meant a saving of millions of dollars to the Church.

General Rusling said that the committee's recommendation was one of the most visionary matters that had been yet presented to the Conference. He said: "The whole scheme, if adopted, will wind up with a scandal which will shake the very foundations of the great Methodist Church."

The report organizing an insurance company was adopted, amid great enthusiasm.

To the Christian Endeavor Society was given a final slap by the adoption of a report deprecating the organization of any Societies of Christian Endeavor in the Methodist Church.

WANT FAIR PLAY FOR CHICAGO.

WESTERN freight men are very free these days in their criticism of the Joint Traffic Association, which they declare has in many ways shown its lack of interest in Chicago. The latest case is in regard to shipments of wool from the Northwest to New York. The Joint Traffic Association refuses to allow any of its lines to reduce rates in conjunction with Western roads to meet the competition of the Canadian Pacific, and the result is that line, by cutting rates, has secured most of the business to date. This is the busy season in the wool business, and Western lines are chafing under their inability to do anything. The Grand Trunk has offered to prorate reductions with them in order to meet the "Soo" competition, but the Joint Traffic Association will not allow it to do so. The Michigan Central, it is said, also stands ready to help them out if it can get permission. The Western Freight Association is still laboring with the Eastern governors, but so far its efforts have been unavailing, and the attitude of the Joint Traffic Board gives little promise.

THE LETTER CARRIERS.

MR. MITCHELL (Rep., Ore.) has reported favorably to the Senate from the Committee on Post-Offices his bill to increase the pay of letter carriers. It is similar to one already reported favorably to the House. It provides that after June 30 next the pay of letter carriers in cities of more than seventy-five thousand population for the first year of service shall be six hundred dollars; for the second year, eight hundred dollars; for the third year, one thousand dollars; for the fourth year and thereafter, twelve hundred dollars. And in cities under seventy-five thousand population they shall receive for the first year's service six hundred dollars; for the second, eight hundred dollars, and for the third and thereafter, one thousand dollars. Should this bill become a law it will increase the expenditures of the Post-Office Department in the sum of two million dollars; but the general public will probably not object. The efficient and painstaking letter carriers are very hard-working individuals. Those who are not stay but a very short time in the service, under the new regulations of the Department.

A PROSPEROUS AMERICAN LINE.

THE forty-ninth annual meeting of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was held in the company's office, in the Mills Building, New York, May 27. One hundred and eighteen thousand shares of stock out of two hundred thousand shares were represented. The old Board of Directors was re-elected, as follows: Collis P. Huntington, Henry Hart, Isaac E. Gates, Calvin S. Brice, Samuel Thomas, Joseph Richardson, Russell Sage, George J. Gould and R. P. Schwerin.

A preliminary report of the business of the company was submitted to the meeting. In it President Huntington said: "As compared with the results of the previous year, there has been an increase in the gross earnings of \$122,164, and an increase in expenses of \$126,415, showing a reduction in net earnings of \$4,251 as compared with the business of last year. The sum of \$150,000 charged to expenses for general and extraordinary repairs of steamers is carried to the credit of the fund set aside for that character of repairs, to which account has been charged the sum of \$191,045 expended on its steamers during the year, leaving a balance to the credit of this fund on April 30, 1896, amounting to

\$204,043. In addition to the above expenditure for extraordinary repairs, the sum of \$190,707 has been paid during the year and charged to steamer expenses for the ordinary repairs of the company's fleet. The company is free from indebtedness, except for current expenses, and has available loans and cash on hand in New York, San Francisco and London, April 30, 1896, the sum of \$610,440."

The financial report for the year shows: Total receipts, \$4,210,036; total expenses, \$3,501,655; net earnings, \$708,381.

THE SHERMAN MONUMENT.

The special Art Committee appointed by Congress in January last, consisting of Messrs. St. Gaudens, Warner, Post and Price, looked at twenty-six models of a statue of General Sherman, and selected the models of Messrs. Bartlett, Rhind, Niehaus and Partridge as those best answering the historical and art requirements. The committee of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, consisting of General G. M. Dodge, General J. N. Noble, General D. B. Henderson, Colonel Cornelius Cadle, Colonel J. F. Howe and Colonel Augustus Jacobson, excluded the model of Partridge, and in its place put the model of Carl R. Smith of Chicago. A few days ago the elaborated models of Bartlett, Niehaus, Rhind and Smith were exposed to view, and the decision to select the model of Smith was rendered, after the members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee and Secretary Lamont and General Miles, representing the Government, had inspected the models.

It is an unpleasant incident of the competition that the Smith model is severely criticised, and that an attempt is made to discredit the whole affair as a piece of favoritism. One criticism is that if the decision made be carried out, there will be set up in front of the Treasury a commonplace figure of Sherman, seated on a mooney horse, with a wide-spreading switch tail, looking over some mock heroic and absurd figures grouped about the pedestal, against which are stuck some irrelevant objects, neither adding beauty nor impressiveness to the whole.

It is asserted that competent judges maintain there were not less than ten models in the first competition better entitled to be accepted than the model of Carl R. Smith, that has been picked out for completion, and to be a perpetual challenge of the judgment of the soldier judges who have decided to give it to posterity. And yet, as we understand the case, the selection of the Smith design was the work of competent judges and honorable men. Life is short, and art is long and hard to please.

AN ELEMENTAL ANGRY MOOD.

As we go to press the terrible news reaches us of a tornado which swept over the city of St. Louis, destroying life and property and doing incalculable damage. Buildings have been demolished, bridges and railway tracks swept away, steamboats wrecked and it is estimated, nearly one thousand people killed. To add to the horror of the situation, fire has joined forces with the storm, and as we write the city is being ravaged by conflagrations so numerous and so fierce as to be beyond the control of the fire department. Telegraph wires are broken and almost all communication with the stricken city is cut off. In fury and violence, and the extent and magnitude of its ravages, the equal of this cyclone has not been known in the history of this country.

The storm had been threatening from noon on Wednesday and broke about five o'clock. Within ten minutes the wind reached a velocity of eighty miles an hour, sweeping with it dense waves of rain. The screeching of the wind through electric wires, the crash of debris in every direction, and the electric flashes from tangled wires and crashing thunder, struck terror to the hearts of all spectators. About seven o'clock the rain, which had ceased for a short time, began and fell afresh. It was fully another hour before the storm abated.

The storm spent its greatest fury on East St. Louis, all the large hotels and factories, the round-houses and freight-houses of the railroads along the river front and hundreds of smaller buildings going down before the blast. The east wing of the famous Eads bridge over the Mississippi River, the grand stand at Sportsmen's Park, the women's portion of the jail, and the Cupples Building, are destroyed, and the Standard Oil Works, struck by lightning, are reduced to ashes. Five churches—St. Patrick's, the Annunciation, St. Paul's, Trinity and St. Hugo's—were demolished during the first fury of the blast; the roof of the Merchants' Exchange was curled up like a scroll and dropped in the street, and a train on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad was lifted from the track and wrecked. Many steamers containing crowds of pleasure-seekers were sunk, one was dashed against a pier of the Eads bridge and broken in two, and another was capsized in mid-river. The Morgue and the hospitals were early taxed to their utmost capacity, and armories and private houses were pressed into service in the emergency. The lowest estimate of fatalities places the number at one thousand, and it is probable that later advices will reveal even greater injury to life. It is estimated that property to the value of one million dollars has been destroyed.

This is the second time St. Louis has been the victim of disastrous atmospheric disturbances. A tornado destructive of life and much property visited East St. Louis in June, 1872. The principal destruction was along the water front and in the railroad yards. Between sixty and seventy lives were lost, boats were blown from their moorings and sunk with all on board; persons were picked up on the levee and hurled to their death; buildings were scattered to the four winds. Old railroad men recall some freaks of the storm. A forty-ton Alton engine was standing in the yards when the tornado struck that part of the city. The mass of iron and steel was rolled over like a match-box. The tornado happened the same time of the day as this awful second visitation, as well as nearly the same time of year.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

By a ruling of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, a warehouseman's lien is held to be superior to the lien of a mortgagee. The fixtures of the Casino Theater, New York City, covered by a mortgage given to secure Casino Company bonds, which was recorded as one of real property and filed as one of personal property in October, 1894, on May 22, 1895, when the Casino Company was dispossessed, were stored in a warehouse. The mortgage was not refiled at the end of one year from the original filing; November 19, 1895, a receiver of the Casino Company was appointed in sequestration proceedings brought by the American Exchange Bank, judgment creditor, and in December the receiver notified the warehouseman of his appointment. It was held by the Court, affirming an order allowing the warehouseman to sell the chattels to pay his charges, and another appointing a receiver on the application of the trustee of the mortgage, that the lien for storage was paramount to that of the mortgage because of the failure to refile the mortgage as one of chattels. The failure to refile may be taken advantage of by all creditors of the mortgagor without regard to the time when the debts were contracted, and a warehouseman in possession with the right to sell to pay charges is in a position equal to that of an execution creditor. Although the record did not show that the chattels were put in storage by one having authority, authority is to be presumed in the absence of evidence to the contrary, and the warehouseman was therefore a creditor. Chapter 529, Laws of New York, 1895, in spite of its loose language, exempts only railway corporations from the necessity of refiled chattel mortgages, and that only where the mortgage creates a lien upon both real and personal property. A mortgage of a leasehold together with chattels is not one of real and personal property. By special agreement a warehouseman may sell goods to pay his charges before the expiration of one year.

GAS MOTORS FOR STREET CARS.

CERTAINLY the automobile car is at present the object of universal attention. After a period of doubt, or at least of hesitation, it has become clear that an immense future awaits the invention, which has definitely evolved from the experimental stage and entered on that of practical application. As yet the propulsion of street cars by mechanical means has been effected as a rule by recourse to electricity, steam or compressed air. Of course, there was every temptation to engineers to seek to overcome the difficulties in the way by the utilization of a motive force that should present none of the drawbacks connected with these systems. For as to the desirability of a mechanical system of traction for street cars there can be no two opinions. The results obtained even from the methods already tried are conclusive on this score. Nobody who has been to Paris, for instance, and seen the working there of automobile cars will harbor the slightest doubt on the subject. Mechanical vehicles speed through the streets of the French capital in every direction without the least inconvenience to the rest of the traffic, whether carriage or pedestrian. Their use has been found so satisfactory that in the near future it will be widely extended.

The Paris municipal authorities are greatly concerned with improving the means of communication in their city in view of the Exhibition of 1900. After endless discussion it has now been decided that this purpose shall be effected by a gigantic development of the street car system, even although some sort of a metropolitan railway should be constructed, which is not likely. Both the new lines and those already in existence are to be worked with automobile cars. Naturally, in view of these extensive changes, the adoption of an ideal motor has become a matter of prime importance. Fortunately this motor has been found, and it is supplied by gas.

It was easy to hit on the notion of applying this power, but technical difficulties for a long time insurmountable stood in the way. At last, however, they have all been overcome. The Gas Traction Company, Limited, has for long past had the matter in hand, and has finally attained the results which place the future of gas as the motive power for automobile cars beyond doubt. The company is now turning out cars which are open to no objection. The gas engine wherewith many of us are familiar is a noisy affair and malodorous. The company has done away with the noise and

with the least suspicion of a disagreeable smell. Those who ride outside its cars are not subjected to the slightest inconvenience, any more than those who ride within them.

The problem of guiding the cars, too, has been solved in the most satisfactory manner. They are perfectly under the control of the mechanician, who can alter their speed at will, drive them forward or backward at pleasure, and bring them to a complete standstill, to all intents and purposes instantaneously, by means of a brake system that can be worked at once by conductor and driver. The car shown in our illustration has been constructed for the Paris Omnibus Company, which has severely tested it, and found that it answers every possible requirement. Nothing can at once be more effective and cheaper than its working, while, by the use of gas, the great desideratum of the smallest possible initial outlay of capital is also realized, the arrangements necessary for compressing the ordinary lighting gas used not requiring any expensive installation. In view of these advantages, the general adoption of gas-driven cars may be predicted at no distant date.

FOR THE NON-IMPRISONMENT OF JURORS.

JUDGE WOOLSON of the United States Court in Des Moines, Ia., astonished the lawyers, and almost horrified them, the other evening by separating a jury for the night, telling them not to discuss the issue, and to return in the morning without having read the newspapers. The statutes of Iowa forbid the separation of a jury before agreement or disagreement. The United States statutes are not quite clear on the subject, but the Judge decided to apply the rule of common sense, and to let the lawyers make a test case of the matter, which they propose to do. Talking on the subject later, Judge Woolson said: "I would like to have the Federal jury so governed that some business men can be induced to come here and sit on it. No wonder that men try to avoid jury duty when they see staring them in the face the hardship of being compelled to sit up all night in a small, close room. The statutes of the United States say that the Federal Court shall follow the method of practice and procedure of the State in which the court is being held so far as may be. This is indefinite. The Federal judge has power to limit the time of the argument of attorneys to the jury, and he has many other powers which are foreign to the judge sitting on the district bench. It is wrong to keep those men shut up in that room with no place but the floor to lie down on all night. I cannot see that any harm can come from separating them, and I do think harm can grow out of keeping them in there. Under the strain they have been laboring under little animosities must arise which will set men a certain way, so that no argument or anything else can change their determination. If they can go home, get a good night's sleep, and come back tomorrow refreshed, it is possible they may reach an agreement."

WILL THE WHEEL BREAK THE ASSOCIATION?

CHAIRMAN CALDWELL of the Traffic Association at Chicago has ruled against the Wisconsin Central in regard to its appeal from the unanimous refusal of other Western lines last week to allow that road to start the no-bicycle-charge ball rolling. The decision of the chairman is that the case in question does not come within the provisions of the agreement, as a change in the general rules of the Association was proposed. If this procedure was permitted any one road would be able to change the fundamental principles of the agreement. It is not believed the Wisconsin Central will push its case further, as the life of the Association would be jeopardized by its withdrawal.

HOW THE CZAR WAS CROWNED.

THE proclamation issued by the Czar on the occasion of his coronation remits all arrears of taxes in European Russia and Poland and reduces the land tax by one-half for ten years. Exiles in Siberia after ten years may be allowed to choose their places of residence except in the capital cities of Governments, but their civil rights will not be restored. Political offenders may receive further remissions, with the restoration of their civil rights in certain cases. The Ministers of the Interior and Justice are empowered to submit to the Czar deserving cases of those punished after a regular trial. Those persons who shared in the Polish rebellion, who are not guilty of murder, cruelty, arson or robbery, are exempted from the police supervision decreed in 1883, and receive full freedom of residence, if they return to their own country and take the oath of allegiance.

SOME Christian Endeavorers in Jersey City have been taking a hand in detective work to prevent violations of the Sunday liquor law in that city. These young men have been going into saloons by the side doors on Sunday and drinking cocktails to secure evidence of excise violations. Strangely enough, their work has had the sanction of some of the local clergy, who, however, advise a limit to the number of drinks the young men should take. O tempora! O mores! have we not fallen upon a wonderful generation?



THE BASTINADO—THE PUNISHMENT OF A CRIMINAL IN PERSIA.
When the bastinado is to be administered, the prisoner's bare feet are tied to a pole which is fixed to two uprights, and a man with a long stick beats the prisoner on the soles of the feet.



PRISON DISCIPLINE IN PERSIA—CONVICTS IN CHAINS.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

It is to new continents and new countries that the world looks for revolutionary suggestions, so it is not surprising that the latest plan for solving the problem of domestic service should originate in Australia. It is proposed to call servants "household employees." They will eat in the dining-room, either with the family or by themselves. They will not be at the beck and call of the mistress. There will be two shifts of "employees," one to work from 6 A.M. to 2 P.M., and the other from 2 P.M. to 8 or 9 P.M., so that they may have the afternoons and evenings off every alternate week. It is believed that the expenses of the household would not be increased by adopting this step, as domestic service under this new condition of affairs would be rendered so attractive that servants would be obtainable at half the present wages, and sweating in factories would be largely diminished by reducing the number of applicants.

LABOR CONSOLIDATION.

The refusal of the Central Labor Union of New York to join the American Federation of Labor, as requested by President Gompers, shows that the Knights of Labor still muster considerable strength in that body. It shows, moreover, that his invitation to the Knights of Labor as a body to combine with the Federation will not be accepted, although many individual Knights may possibly drift over to the Federation, and vice versa.

As a matter of fact a consolidation of the two bodies would be practically impossible. It is alleged that an important element among the Knights are Socialists pure and simple. There might as well be an attempt made to mix oil and water as Socialists and pure and simple trades-unionists, of which the Federation is mainly composed, as shown by the voting at the last convention.

The Socialists now have a national body known as the Trade and Labor Alliance, and there are thus three distinct labor bodies now in the field. There is more or less friction between these bodies which is detrimental in the extreme to the interests of organized labor. It is wrong, however, to suppose that the separate organizations are kept up for the purpose of creating sinecures for ambitious labor leaders. No genuine reform movement with any vitality to it could exist upon any such false basis. It is the war of opinions based upon differing principles that is being fought out between these various elements to-day, and it is a sign that workingmen are honest and genuine thinkers that such a condition continues, although undoubtedly it is most detrimental to the present condition of labor.

THE COLORED CHURCHMAN.

At the session of the Presbyterian Assembly at Memphis, Tenn., May 27, a judicial case, involving the color question, was taken up, and the Assembly was constituted a court to consider the matter. The case is as follows: Reuben James, a colored man, presented himself as a candidate for the ministry before the Presbytery of Charleston, which is in the "black belt" of South Carolina. The Presbytery examined him, and was satisfied as to his qualifications, but refused to receive him solely because he was a negro. Exercising

its right to review the records of the Presbytery, the Synod took exception to this action and received James Elder J. A. Ensloe of Westminster Church, Charleston, brought the matter before the General Assembly by complaining of this action of the Synod. He disclaimed race prejudice and spoke of his lifelong interest in the religious training of the negroes, but the people of Charleston Presbytery, he said, do not deem it wise to permit any mingling of the races.

The whole afternoon was taken up by this debate. Most of the members expressed themselves as being opposed to the introduction of the color line into the church courts, especially when there are colored commissioners now on the floor of the Assembly.

AMERICAN EXPLORERS.

Professor Daniel C. Elliot of the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago, with C. H. Akeley and Mr. Dodson, who accompanied Dr. Donaldson Smith on his recent expedition to Lake Rudolph in Central Africa, arrived at Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea, on April 14, and after a stay of a week at that point, securing men, camels and stores, proceeded on a scientific exploration of Central Africa, the main purpose being to collect specimens of the animals of the country which are reported to be rapidly disappearing. United States Consul Masterton at Aden, who has reported the matter to the State Department, says it is expected that eight or ten months will be spent in the explorations.

BOERS HAVE THEIR TURN NOW.

A Pretoria dispatch to the London *Times* says: "As an outcome of the revelations of Lionel Phillips's private letter book implicating influential men of the Krueger party in the Rand for accepting bribes from the mining houses for advancing the Rand interests in the Volksraad, the Transvaal Government has suspended Judge Dekorte and has asked the Rand to appoint a court of inquiry. The Transvaal Government is trying to suppress the scandal and the feeling is very bitter. The Government professes to dread the formation of secret societies, and the guards around the residence of the President have been increased. The police watch the house of Dr. Leyds, the Secretary of State, and detectives follow him whenever he leaves his house."

DOES BEER BEAR TAX ENOUGH?

The action of the Senate May 26 in voting down, by a majority of five, Mr. Sherman's motion to table an amendment to the "filled cheese" bill, which proposed to levy an additional tax of seventy-five cents a barrel on lager beer, ale and porter, was reversed the next day in the defeat of that amendment by a majority of seven.

A speech in favor of the prohibitory bond bill was made by Mr. Hansbrough of North Dakota, who favored

action to increase the revenue by a duty on tea and coffee and by an additional tax on beer. He declared his belief that if Congress adjourned without such action there would be a new issue of bonds within a month after adjournment, and another issue before next session, and that Congress would be open to the suspicion of being in league with the bond syndicate.

The bond bill was opposed by Mr. Elkins of West Virginia as a measure that might bring the Government to a standstill. A speech in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver, independently of an international agreement, was made by Mr. Daniel of Virginia, and was not finished when, at a quarter to six, the Senate adjourned.

COLONEL COCKERILL'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of Colonel John A. Cockerill, who died in Cairo, Egypt, was held Thursday, May 21, in St. Louis. The obsequies were conducted by St. Louis Lodge, B.P.O.E., of which the distinguished journalist was a member, and the remains interred in Elks' Rest, Bellefontaine Cemetery. Funeral services were held in the Church of the Messiah, the Rev. John Snyder, the pastor, officiating. At the grave a eulogy was delivered by the Hon. Charles F. Jay and the ritualistic service for the dead of the Order was performed.

VENEZUELAN DOCUMENTS.

The London *Daily Chronicle* publishes a dispatch from its correspondent in Rome saying that the Venezuelan Commissary, Señor Yriarte, has discovered in the Vatican archives bulls and other documents regarding the frontier dioceses of Venezuela. These documents assign to Venezuela certain territory that is now claimed by Great Britain.

These documents, the dispatch adds, have been examined by Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, United States Ambassador to Italy, who is deeply impressed with their contents.

"THE MIKADO" AT THE AMERICAN.

The dearth of good comic opera from which we have suffered for several years is never more noticeable than when some manager at the fag end of the season revives one of the tuneful successes of a decade or two ago. An instance of this was furnished last week by Steindorf & Ebert's revival of "The Mikado" at the American Theater. This opera is easily the best thing that Gilbert & Sullivan have ever produced, and the laughter and applause with which it was received showed that it had lost none of its old-time hold on the public. Of course, much of this was due to the excellent manner in which it was presented, but still a great deal must be laid to the credit of the opera itself and the relief it afforded the public from the banality to which it has lately become accustomed.

The company was exceptionally good and well prepared. Miss Dorothy Morton was featured as Yum-Yum, and a very charming little Jap she was. I have on more than one occasion heard Miss Morton accused of imitating Miss Lillian Russell, but I confess I did not see it. She acted the part, and surely nobody ever accused the fair Lillian of acting. Mr. Charles Drew was amusing as Ko-Ko. His topical allusions were hap-



FUNERAL CORTEGE AT WASHINGTON AND GRAND AVENUES.



BELLEFONTEINE CEMETERY.



LEAVING THE CHURCH.

FUNERAL OF COLONEL COCKERILL AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

pily few, and those few very good. Miss Flora Finlayson's fine voice and commanding presence made Katisha more than acceptable. Richie Ling was the Nanki-Poo, Joseph Lynde the Pooh-Bah and J. W. Kingsley the Mikado.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION CELEBRATES.

An exhibition of extreme interest to students and lovers of natural history was opened under the auspices of the Agassiz Association, Manhattan Chapter, New York, B., Monday, May 25, at 139 East Fortieth Street, New York. The Manhattan Chapter aims to be a society devoted to the interest of popular science and education, and for several years the chapter has marked the anniversary week of Agassiz's birth with exhibitions tending to realize the object it has in view.

This year the exhibition is devoted to insects obtained mainly from the collection of C. F. Groth, the president of the chapter. In many ways the show is especially attractive, and by a complete series of specimens the metamorphoses of insects, their life histories, habits and habitats; their relations to the vegetable kingdom, and their utility and value to the industries of the country are displayed and illustrated.

There are also on view several insectivorous plants. The different forms of traps which the plants develop to catch the unwary insect, in this manner obtaining their animal food, were shown and explained in detail in living plants. Another way in which insects serve the vegetable world was seen in the section devoted to illustrating the fertilization of flowers by insects. Near the central window of the rear room was placed a section of a beehive, with glass shutters through which the little workers could be seen actively pursuing their labors.

A RIVER AND HARBOR VETO PROBABLE.

The Washington *Star* May 27 had a semi-official editorial in which the following important statements occurred: "It is an open secret that the President has fully decided to veto the River and Harbor Appropriation bill, and that he is even now engaged in the preparation of a message returning the bill to Congress with a full statement of his objections to its becoming a law. The officials of the War Department, including the

claims be allowed, the total amount to be paid them will be \$24,720,000. The cost of the increase of the pensions of all those receiving six and eight dollars a month would be \$5,784,000, a total annual cost of \$30,504,000. This was the largest possible sum that could be charged against the Government within the first year, Mr. Pickler said; the probable amount was estimated at \$21,464,000.

TENEMENT-HOUSE MODELS.

The plans on exhibition at the recent meeting of the Improved Housing Council in this city were all drawn with a view to overcoming the defects of the present apartment-houses. Among these defects are lack of light and air, danger from fire, lack of privacy, insufficient possibility of division, lack of economy in the planning and construction, too many "back apartments," faulty location of water-closets, improper arrangement of bedrooms, poorly lighted staircases and corridors, no cross ventilation and the use of "light wells," which serve also as conductors of heat; odors and noise. The plans comply with all the requirements of the New York Building law, and the plans for the building shown occupy an entire city block, or two hundred by four hundred feet.

Among the conditions which were laid down by the committee were the following: No wells or light shafts shall be used. All rooms must be lighted by windows opening directly upon the outer air. All apartments must have cross ventilation. Each compartment must have its own independent fireproof staircase inclosed by brick walls, with a separate entrance to the street. Each suite must have a separate water-closet, opening directly upon the outer air. It must be possible to enter directly into the living room of each suite from the public corridor without passing through any other room, and it must be possible to reach every bedroom without passing through any other bedroom. The buildings are to be six stories high. The ground floors are arranged on the short or avenue side for stores which will have ceilings eleven feet high. Ceilings of apartments are eight feet six inches high. Each suite is arranged for a sink and a place for a range, and the comfort of the housekeeper is well cared for as to closets, cupboards and places to store household goods.

In the afternoon official reports were heard, but they were of a general routine. Mrs. Barnes, the recording secretary, reported that there were now 495 clubs, with over 100,000 members, and that the federation had \$2,366.32 in the treasury.

THE RUINED CITY.

A thousand broken homes,
A thousand broken hearts;
And, where the living sped,
The refuge of the dead.
And why had morning's light
Dispelled the shades of night,
To bring with night's release?
The peace that is not peace?

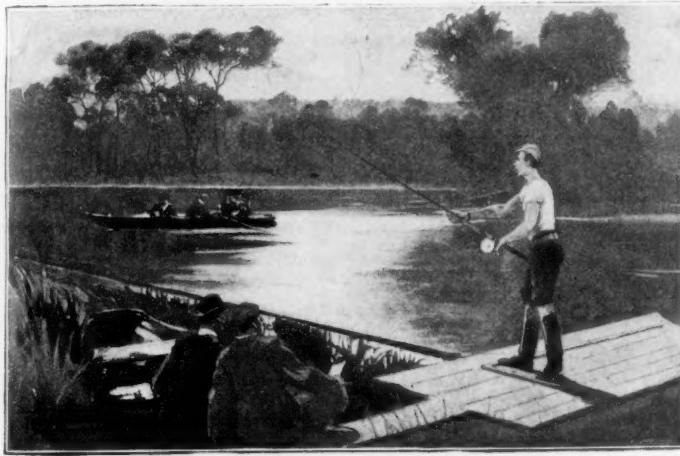
—ARTHUR J. LAMB.

FROM THE ARMENIAN WORKERS.

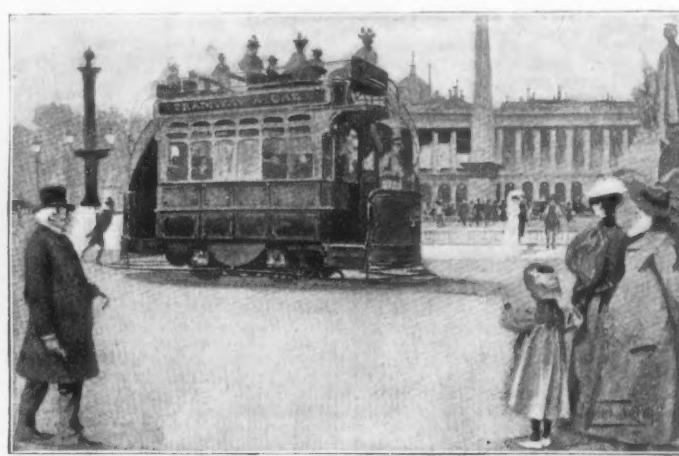
Clara Barton writes as follows from Constantinople under date of May 4:

"The foreign Ambassadors and Consuls are all doing double duty. Our American officials have from the first taken a courageous and benevolent stand, honoring our nation and serving humanity. Sir Philip Currie, of Great Britain, has been a tower of strength for justice and mercy. For ourselves and the part we have taken, were it not for the intense anxiety of our people to hear and to know all that pertains to this distressed country, I would gladly remain silent. The ability to accomplish only so small a proportion of what is needed discourages. Still I trust it has not all been quite in vain."

"We arrived in Constantinople on February 15, less than three months ago. The season was not what would have been chosen, the weather certainly not; naturally some preliminaries to be arranged, some acquaintances to be made, some concessions to be gained if possible, some privileges to be asked for, and not the most conciliatory tone of people and press at our back at that moment to help us on in these little arrangements. Still, five days later, on February 20, we began purchasing material to send to the interior by ship and caravan. On March 1 we made our first shipment. Since that time we have placed four expeditions in the field: two with caravans of materials for distribution



THE AMATEUR CHAMPION FLY-CASTER OF THE WORLD AT WIMBLEDON PARK.



GAS-DRIVEN STREET CAR IN PARIS.

officers of the Corps of Engineers, have been called upon to furnish a mass of data for the President's information on the subject. There is a possibility that the veto message may be sent in before the close of the present week, but if not it will undoubtedly go in early next week. The constitutional time limit in which this measure may be returned will expire next Wednesday evening, but it is not believed that the President will need more than a few days longer. He is said to favor an early adjournment, and is not liable to do anything to interfere with that result. It is understood that he bases his objection to the River and Harbor bill on the general ground that the Government finances do not warrant such expenditures as it carries, regardless of the merits of the works. It is also asserted that he holds that the measure carries to a dangerous extreme the plan of committing the Government to large expenditures through continuous contracts.

"Members of the Senate and House interested in the bill are certain that the bill can be promptly passed over a veto. The time consumed in the matter, if it becomes necessary to pass the bill over a veto, will depend upon whether there is anything said in the veto message which will compel Congress to make a defense of its action. The accepted theory is that the veto, if it comes, will be on the ground that the amount is larger than the state of the Treasury will warrant. If this proposition is made in a veto message it will lead to a political discussion in both Houses of Congress. It will be treated as an acknowledgment that the statement of the President in his annual message and of Carlisle in his report, that the Treasury was not troubled by a deficiency of revenue, was misleading. It is held that the insistence of the Administration that revenue legislation was not what was needed bars the President from a plea of lack of money, unless he is willing to confess that the contention of the Republicans was correct, in spite of his former declarations to the contrary. There will be a disposition on the part of Republicans to make the most of this to show to the country that tariff legislation is what is most needed to relieve the Treasury."

PENSIONS.

In his report accompanying the Service Pension bill, in accordance with the action of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, Chairman Pickler said that, in round numbers, 200,000 persons not now on the rolls will be benefited. Should they all apply for pensions, and their

The committee on awards consists of Professor E. R. L. Gould, I. W. Longfellow of Boston, and W. H. Folsom. The officers of the Improved Housing Council are R. W. Gilder, chairman; W. Bayard Cutting, vice-chairman; Charles Stewart Smith, treasurer; William H. Tolman, secretary.

THE CONSULAR SERVICE.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations through Mr. Lodge has made a favorable report on Mr. Lodge's bill for the reorganization of the consular service. The bill contemplates a thorough and complete system of examinations for applications for the consular service, both original appointments and promotions.

The report refers to the recent order of the President extending the civil service to this department, but adds that it provides only partially for that service, and does not diminish the need for a comprehensive reorganization, as proposed in the bill reported. "In fact," the report concludes, "the scheme proposed in the bill is an extension of that established by the executive order and gives not only complete reorganization, but the authority of law to the classification, which now rests solely on a departmental order."

THREE MINUTES, ONLY.

The third biennial gathering of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Louisville, Ky., May 27, was not so largely attended as had been anticipated, only about three hundred delegates having registered. McCauley's Theater was well filled when the meeting began.

The public was excluded from the business sessions, but an opportunity was afforded outsiders to be present when the clubs were discussing general topics on payment of an admission fee. The address of welcome, delivered by Mrs. Patty Semple of Louisville, was a comprehensive review of woman's lot in life. The address was followed by the presentation of a gavel made from the wood of a tree which grew at Ashland, Henry Clay's old home, and under which Mrs. Semple made the astonishing statement that Clay and Lincoln had perhaps often walked and talked together.

Mrs. Henrotin made a short and fitting response. Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) was given a vote of congratulations, and the Committee on Rules reported that no speeches should exceed three minutes in length. This met with objection, but was carried.

among towns and villages and two medical among the contagion-smitten cities of Marash, Zeitoun and Arabkir, where typhus and dysentery are epidemic. Other parties are among the three hundred villages and towns of the province of Harpoor, providing the destitute farmers and mechanics with tools, seed, work-cattle and lumber for shelter, in an effort at permanent relief, thereby getting the people on their feet again.

"Not only is no direction sought and no obstruction placed in our way by the Government, but our people are requested by it to report where difficulties are found, escorts for their safe conduct have been promptly ordered when asked for here, and in our medical relief valuable appliances are generously loaned by the authorities. Communication by letter is fifteen days. Telegrams in Turkish and Arabic are not always quite satisfactory. It is a hard task we men have assumed, but with the best there is in them they are performing it faithfully."

ORGANIZED LABOR IN THE NAVY YARD.

The sub-committee of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, which has been considering the charges that employees of the Brooklyn Navy Yard have been improperly discharged, and that members of the International Association of Machinists have been discriminated against, have voted to report a resolution to the full committee providing for a Congressional investigation of the charges.

The resolution will be reported to the full committee at its next meeting if a quorum is present, and there is little doubt of its adoption. It is desired to get the resolution through before the adjournment of the present session, so that the investigation may be conducted during the recess of Congress.

The discharges which it is alleged were wrongfully made were of men employed under the contractor, who had obtained their places, it is alleged, as a result of competitive examinations. Constructor Bowles was then, as now, the chief constructor at the Yard.

GOVERNOR MORTON has signed the bill introduced by the Shakespeare Society of New York in the Legislature to preserve the Poe cottage at Fordham by laying out a park to be called "Poet's Park" and to remove thero the Poe cottage. The plan is also to erect there a bronze statue of the poet, and to keep the cottage always open as a memorial.

EVENING.

Deep shadow ends you did's daily score,
Its age and use concealing,
Heaven's dewy mama falls on turf floor,
Traces of parched noon healing;
Childhood's last playnote comes the hedgerow o'er,
Then sweet-toned call, glad answers, and closed
door.

The witless bat begins his giddy flight,
The restless nestlings twitter,
Counting her beads like sable nun, the night
Hangs starry orbs a-glitter,
While from the distant marts of men arrive
Hushed sounds, like drowsy murmur from the hive.

Blest hour of retrospection, when the day,
Through shaded lens reviewing,
Harsh line and the sharp angle shade to gray.
With subtle touch subduing
Each rankling remnant of life's daily fray,
In reconciliation's wooing way!

The cleansing hour, which, in Mosaic days,
A man, howe' polluted,
A respite found, that, faithful sought, repays,
With guilt to hope commuted.
A time the aged reawake youthful ways,
As when a smoldering fire springs into blaze.

The waiting boat on phosphorescent wave,
The laugh from porch, rose-covered,
Tells that true love this hour did ever crave,
As o'er his own he hovered.
One rose to-morrow, will a heart enslave.
Another sail, where taper fingers lave.

Night closing, in fit time for life to blend,
Shadow in shade dissolving,
Into the hours whose magic charms extend
Through deep mystery, solving,
How darkness waits on dawn, as friend on friend,
And entering, life starts where death doth end.

—ARTHUR HOWARD HALL.

Bradford, Mass.

IN MANCHESTER BUSINESS WAYS.

BY JOHN PENDLETON.

SCHILLER says: "Time consecrates, and what is gray with age becomes religion." There are remaining bits of the city of Manchester—Chateau College, with its cloisters, ancient library and oak-paneled rooms; Clayton Hall, with its meat and two-arched bridge, and the old timbered Seven Stars tavern, hiding away from Main Street—that are still hallowed by those who love the past and its memories. But Manchester, though it has an easily discovered vein of literary, artistic, musical and antiquarian life, is essentially a brisk, mercantile city. Its heart and ever-extending body throb with business. It is the center of a great industrial area—the capacious store to which the wares of many Lancashire and Yorkshire towns are daily brought. In the city, and within a few miles of it, six millions of people invent, produce and scheme. Age, faded maps and pictures are preserved in the museums and free libraries showing that Manchester, a century ago, was intersected by a clear stream, bordered by pleasant pastures, and consisted chiefly of quaint houses with small windows and grotesque gables, and picturesque, inconvenient streets that might have been stolen from Antwerp or Bruges. Now thousands of modern buildings have crept this way and that, hemming in the river, climbing the shoulders of Kersal Moor and stretching southward beyond Fallowfield to Didsbury. The sites once occupied by the cluster of seventeenth century dwellings have been usurped by modern masonry, by public edifices, factories, mills, warehouses and shops, while a vast multitude of habitations crowd the boundary land that formerly held farmstead, and was hedged into garden, orchard and pasture. Now wide streets have been thrust through the city to the suburbs; and, if disposed, you can ride for four miles almost in any direction on the tram track that winds about Manchester for fifty miles on different routes, and carries thirty millions of passengers yearly.

Cotton, engineering and commerce are chiefly responsible for this development of industrial trade and residential life. The city motto, *Concilia et labore*, indicates how generally, by wise counsel and unremitting work, the place has expanded; and the mace recently presented to the Manchester Corporation appropriately illustrates the story with its figures representing cotton manufacture, commerce and machinery. English cities, unlike those of America, grow slowly; yet, looking at Manchester to-day, on its bustle of traffic, square miles of bricks and mortar, and seldom lifting canopy of smoke, it seems incredible that in 1745 the town, according to one historian, was captured "by a sergeant, a drummer and a woman, the Pretender's forces arriving next day."

The crowd in the city's artery—Market Street—is almost as dense as in London's busiest thoroughfare, and probably greater than the throng that serges or saunters in Broadway. What impresses the stranger is the intensity of this restless mass of people. There is little loitering. Everybody seems to be acting on the Lancashire proverb: "It's no use being in a crowd if you can't thrutch" (push on). The main roadway, not wide enough for modern needs, is congested with traffic of every kind, with cotton-laden lorries, vans filled with merchandise, tram-cars, omnibuses, hansom, dogcarts, carriages, all moving carefully, driven adroitly in the crush, or momentarily checked by the uplifted hand of the traffic-guiding police officer, to give the vehicles emerging from the side streets a chance of progress. Along the gutters lines of itinerant hawkers strive with hoarse voice and dramatic gesture to sell their novelty

goods, and every lamp-post is wrapped with some news-vendor's varied stock-in-trade.

The pavements are crammed with folk, and it would be difficult, either in London or New York, to find a more heterogeneous grouping. The pit-brow lass from Wigan and the cotton operative from Oldham rub shoulders. The brawny ironworker and the pale Jewish tailor walk, for an instant, side by side. The bronzed Danish seaman from the timber docks of the ship canal and the smart cavalry officer from the barracks jostle each other. The American Senator and the city magnate hob-nob together. Merchant, manager, salesman and clerk make swift currents in the stream of human life as they elbow their way along. Yonder strides the Turk, thoughtful about possible bargain, yet with a comfortable look in his ample robe and bright turban. There a Greek merchant, sharp in features, and in buying and selling, hurries by. German, Frenchman, Spaniard and Japanese tread the pavement in their own distinctive gait and fashion, and trip from language to language according to the nationality of friend or customer. No city street in the world concentrates greater activity. The noise of traffic and the babel of voices are impressive. They remind one of Russell Lowell's description of a London business way. If you stand for a moment at the Exchange corner, or on the Infirmary flags, you can imagine that you are listening to the "roaring loom of time!"

The trade life of the city, the most dogged in purpose from eleven o'clock in the forenoon till four o'clock in the afternoon, pulsates in and around Market Street. It is an ugly street. It is a mean-looking street, considered as the chief avenue of a vast community; but in the bewildering cluster of shops, warehouses, offices and banks that jumble over the ground for half a mile any way around it an enormous business is done: toil and transaction proceed at high pressure, for competition is keen, and Manchester is in touch with nearly every civilized, and with many a barbaric, market.

The Royal Exchange, which flanks the lower end of the street, and is the largest in Europe, feels the pulse of these markets. The dignified building, and its noble portico, are invariably crowded at noon. Indeed, the Exchange has never been so prosperous financially as it is to-day, the amounts received for subscriptions and rents bulking to a higher figure than at any time in its previous history. In the large hall, which Queen Victoria once described as "a magnificent room," you are in a buzz of quotations, not only of stocks and shares, but of a myriad Manchester goods. You may here ascertain that Lancashire depends on the United States for five-sixths of her supply of raw cotton, and that thirty-five million spindles would be idle if the supply failed. You may learn by cable message in cipher from New York how the cotton market tends—how "futures" opened higher, advanced slowly and closed firm; what is the price of "spot" cotton, the amount of sales for "future" delivery, and the names of the ships that have cleared from the American ports with cotton for Liverpool or Manchester. You may be fluttered by new rumors of the development of the cotton industry in the far East, and the enterprise of spinning rivals in Bombay; or be gratified by a big sale, with reasonable profits, from your own mills, and determine, with renewed courage, to fight your most powerful competitors.

There is something fascinating in this commercial vortex. Its whirl, its imperative call to resource and action, quickens the blood, and monopolizes the thought and energy of the cotton king. He cannot often afford, like Hilton Greaves, the erratic cotton spinner of the past generation, to break away from his counting-house to follow the hounds, and afterward go leisurely on "Change in hunting costume."

The daily sales in this noted mart are exceedingly extensive, and they create quick work in nearly every business place in the city. Not only the great warehouses, such as Watts, Phillips & Rylands, but scores of smaller, well-stocked stores are conspicuous for their celerity in selecting, packing and forwarding goods. The narrow, intricate by-ways that border Picadilly (a continuation of Market Street), Portland Street (the finest warehouse thoroughfare), and Albert Square, are soon alive with effort: Lorries, drays, wagons, vans and carts crunch against the curbstones. Doors are flung open in every warehouse basement and on nearly every story, and the vehicles are soon in the process of loading. You find yourself caught in a swither of merchandise. Strong men pitch bundles of calico from high windows and out of deep cellars. Cranes dangle massive bales or heavy boxes above your head. You knock your shins against big packing cases that bear the intimation, "Made in England." You get into awkward collision with unwieldy hillocks of canvas-bound goods marked with the exporter's caution, "Not to be slung." There are on every side, in every street and lane, glimpses of white calico or vividly colored drapery, of powerful horses, vigorous men, and huge loads of everything that individual and collective industry, science, art, machinery and trade enterprise can produce and sell. In the heaps of goods consigned to country tradesmen, to city shops and wholesale houses, or to distant markets, are calico prints, flannels, silks, velvets, quilts, carpets, rugs, ginghams, muslins, woolens, furs, and a thousand other things that range from the most exquisite baby apparel to the daintiest bonnet and the roughest outfit for equatorial sport or travel. It is surprising how all this traffic is handled, how all these goods are received, sorted and marshaled for transit; yet the work is done nightly with system and with such dispatch that the Manchester man selling goods on "Change at noon for Chinese, African, American or European markets knows that they will be delivered at the dock-side in London, Southampton or Liverpool the next day for shipment.

The railway, the telegraph and the telephone have made this speedy delivery possible. Manchester has four great railway stations—London-road, Victoria, Exchange and Central. From these thousands of passengers teem, and it is estimated that Victoria station, the headquarters of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, deals with no fewer than one hundred and twenty thousand passengers per day. A rough idea of the Manchester traffic in merchandise may be obtained from the fact that the two chief railway depots handle nearly six thousand tons of goods nightly. Lately, amid war scares, tariff doubts and industrial disputes, there has been talk about the shrinkage of English trade; but the despond-

ing comment scarcely applies to Manchester, for the clearing-house figures, the Board of Trade returns and the savings bank deposits all indicate increased business in the city.

The ship canal, however, is at present an unremunerative investment. The waterway, dug for thirty-five miles from Manchester to the Mersey at a cost, including equipment, of fifteen millions sterling, has resulted in loss rather than profit to its makers.

The local share market quotations tell a discouraging story with regard to the undertaking, for the original shares, £10 paid, can now be purchased for £1 5s each. Nor is the liability and anxiety limited to the holders of original shares. The Manchester Corporation loaned five millions of the fifteen millions to the Ship Canal Company, and inasmuch as the company are unable to pay the interest on the loan the burden must be borne by the citizens who are threatened with a ship canal rate of £2d in the pound. In many quarters there is a disposition to protest against the rate and to traverse the wisdom of the Corporation in letting such a large sum of money go; but there is also a sanguine party that has absolute faith in the ultimate success of the canal. Its earnings are undoubtedly increasing, and it has certainly benefited the trading community already. Ships come direct into the city docks, into the port of Manchester, from American, Australian, Chinese, Indian, Mediterranean, North European, Irish and Scotch ports. The quays are busy with cargoes of cotton, tea, fruit, bale and case goods, machinery, timber, iron and coal. Over one hundred and forty thousand bales of cotton have been taken direct up the canal to the Manchester docks this season, the cargoes including fifty-three thousand bales from Galveston, twenty-three thousand from New Orleans and four thousand from New York. It is also instructive to note that fifty-seven thousand bales of Egyptian cotton have been sent along the waterway from Alexandria. Spinners are, in fact, becoming convinced that they can import cotton cheaply by the ship canal route. The canal has to fight many interests and to overcome many difficulties; but the people who survived the cotton famine can endure much, and it may be that the Queen's words on opening the docks will be borne out by events: "I trust that the increased facilities to be afforded for direct commercial intercourse by sea with the trade of the world will not fail to be of the greatest advantage to the busy and industrious population of Manchester and the district."

The civic and business movements of the city mingle amicably. The Corporation, though they may have shown, like Midshipman Easy, too much zeal in offering the big loan to the Ship Canal Company, are honestly anxious to do all they can to make Manchester not only great but prosperous. They have been solicitous for the spread of education, they have provided a splendid water supply, and they are now turning their attention to the congested business ways, and driving new streets through the town to relieve the crush of traffic. The town hall, which cost three-quarters of a million sterling, and dominates Albert Square, is, except its somewhat stunted porch, worthy of the city. It is graceful in architecture and rich in appointment, and though only thirty years old, has had something to do with the making of history. Her Majesty, General Grant, Mr. Gladstone, Stanley, the explorer, and many a foreign potentate have been the guests in it; and opposite its facade stands the statue of a statesman America delighted to honor—John Bright. In unveiling this statue, four years ago, Lord Derby uttered a sentiment that has lost none of its force in these days of international crises. "I think," he said, "we should not ignore or pass over the warm and almost passionately affectionate interest which John Bright always felt and displayed where the United States were concerned. He thought of them as of a greater, happier, and perhaps a better England, where on a new soil and among a younger people problems might be safely and easily worked out which are full of difficulty in an old country like ours."

Manchester is not perfect. She has urgent need, for instance, to rid herself of the pernicious custom of treating to drinks in commerce. She might also, with advantage, curb her racing and athletic fever. But despite her follies she is a great city. She has a sturdy religious, intellectual and political life, and though her people are sometimes contemptuously spoken of as mere "shakers of jackets and frocks," many lessons taught by genius, industry and thrift may be learned in her business ways.

THE CLEVELAND CONFERENCE.

Bishop Foster presided at the session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Cleveland May 20. The feature of the session was the discussion of the amusement question.

Lewis Curtis was elected on the first ballot as agent of the Western Book Concern, with headquarters at Cincinnati. He, with the other agents to be selected, will have charge of the Methodist book business at Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis.

A resolution was unanimously adopted reciting that the sale of liquors in the National Capitol was a national disgrace, and asking in the name of ten million people that Congress abolish the practice.

The Committee on the State of the Church drew the conference into an exciting discussion by recommending that that part of the Discipline relating to specific amusements be not changed. Under the present law, persons indulging in intoxicating liquor as a beverage, renting property to or becoming bondsmen for liquor dealers, dancing, playing at games of chance, attending theaters, horse-races, circuses, and indulging in many other popular amusements, shall be expelled from the church, unless the offender exhibit real humiliation. By an almost unanimous vote the Conference refused to change the Discipline on the subject of amusements.

George P. Mains of New York East was elected junior book agent at New York on the fourth ballot. He succeeds Stanford Hunt, who died last fall. Mr. Mains has been pastor of the New York Avenue Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and secretary of the Church Extension Society of that city.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE TIME MIRANDA DIED.

That is just like Simon Fogle. When the talk was going round.
And we'd ask if he remembered some once famous sight or sound.
Some great happening, death or wedding, or some mad election time.
Or some family feud's quick flaming into hate almost sublime;
Then he'd drop his gray head lower, seem perhaps to see or hear
Something far before he'd answer: "I—it must have been—the year—"
But he never quite remembered, tho' we had no doubt he tried,
And we all knew he was thinking of the year Miranda died.
Twenty years since that December; and the after-years, no doubt,
Were a record lightly written, by one memory blotted out.
Kindly eyes then closed forever, love he saw no reason for,
Left no place in recollection for the nation's shock of war.
Twenty years since that December, when December came once more,
He had traveled back in fancy to that happier time before.
We who lingered by his bedside hid our faces as we cried;
Well we knew that he was thinking 'twas the day Miranda died.

—LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

Indianola, Neb.



THERE is a curious disease of which erudite physicians will tell you and which is called Displacement of the Heart. One of its many symptoms—or, to speak more exactly, one of its results—is loss of memory. The patient forgets. At first he finds dates difficult to recall. Then words and names escape him. Finally he loses even the consciousness of his own identity. What happens to men and women may happen also to cities and towns. The heart of London is Regent Circus. The heart of Paris is the Place de l'Opéra. Where is the heart of New York? For years and years we used to think it safely situated at the apex which Fifth Avenue and Broadway create at their junction on Twenty-third Street. But that was when New York had the Battery at one end and Central Park at the other; in the days when the Battery was quite remote and Central Park was a journey. In those days, and they are not so very long ago, there was not a shop on Fifth Avenue. The late Mrs. Paran Stevens was the first one to put one there, and the act was looked upon as a sacrilege. The Fifth Avenue omnibuses went only as far as the stables in Forty-third Street and usually reached there empty. There were trees on Fifth Avenue then, real trees; and not far from where the Windsor Hotel now stands there were goats and squatters. The loss of the trees is small matter; in the spring they were the homes of strange and unpleasant insects the like of which I have never seen elsewhere; and as for Squattertown, as it was called, the only good that ever came of it were those rollicking plays with which it inspired Harrigan and Hart. But that is as may be. At that time, Broadway as a business thoroughfare had no intersecting rival streets. Fifth Avenue was made up of private dwellings, and you will hardly believe me when I tell you that that is only twenty years ago. Meanwhile, little by little New York has become afflicted with displacement of the heart. There are dates and names and places which she remembers no more. In five years, ten at the latest, the Plaza will be what Madison Square was, the center of interest and activity; and a little thereafter, when, merged in the outlying towns, she shall have lost her identity, lost even her name and shall have become Manhattan, the displacement of her heart will be complete.

Among coming changes there is one for which we may all be grateful. Barring Sing Sing, the ugliest building I have seen in this part of the world is the Reservoir on Forty-second Street. That, the Governor be praised, is to be torn down, and the Astor, Tilden and Lenox Libraries are to find there a united home. It is high time, too. During the past twenty-five years the increase of the publishers' trade has discouraged the collection of private libraries. It is only the very rich, or the very young, who have attempted anything of the sort, and so far as I am able to observe they have confined their purchases to good editions of early French and English works. Not only collectors, but readers, have lost all interest in the mushroom growths of cheap authorship, and the multiplication of new books, new magazines, new newspapers has been so great that it would require all one's money—and what is worse, all one's time—to keep up with them. The publication of the *Review of Reviews* was a sign of the times, and the hour is quite favorable for the production of quarterlies which shall give summaries of the least valueless of the histories, romances and scientific works that appear. There are published in this country five novels a day, or nearly two thousand a year. Of these a hundred live three months, fifty six months, and two reach the ripe old age of one year. The proportion of other works which are published and which live is not much greater. To such an extent even does mortality prevail among them that it is difficult to look at the annual catalogue

of American Literature without comparing it to an immense *Hic jacet*—a cemetery of tombstones of dead, decomposed, futile and forgotten efforts. That does not make you much in love with authorship, does it? *Et bien, tant mieux.*

If we do not shine as literary lights, at least we may as inventors. The Commissioner of Patents in a recent report states that out of a total of fifteen hundred thousand patents divided among all nations, the United States granted over one-third. How many of them are valuable, how many are valueless he does not say; but as he says nothing, either, concerning the patents granted in other countries, there are one or two facts which, unaided by him, we may safely assume, and of these the first is that while European discoveries are of the laboratory and the closet, American inventions are of the workshop and the field. It is We, Us & Co., that gave Europe the steamboat, the telegraph, the sewing machine, the telephone, the electric light and the vitascope. It is from this land that the first airship is going to fly. It is "in our midst" that etheric vapor will be produced, and who invented the bicycle I have forgotten, but it is on our native heath that the very best bikes are produced. And we have invented other things, too, for which Europe, and particularly the European nobility, can never be thankful enough—we have invented the American Girl, the prettiest creature on the face of the earth. She is not only pretty, she is clever; and not only clever, but good. And so self-reliant that, now and again, as you read in the papers, she can support a husband and a coronet, too. I think we may very well be proud of our inventive genius.

Talking of girls, Madame Hanson, a European writer, has lately published a collection of psychological sketches in which she shows, or endeavors to, that intellectual woman, who are striving to do good work, independent of the aid of men, inevitably wreck their own happiness and defeat their own purpose. The writer says that a woman's first duty is that of a wife and mother; in neglecting, for the sake of self-culture, that duty, she does violence to her nature and herself.

But because many women have become disheartened in their struggle for self-development, it does not follow that all women will always have the same experience, or that their efforts have been based on a false conception of life. Privileges of education and position recently accorded have in many instances disturbed their balance. In their desire to show of what they are capable they have gone to extremes. And where extremes meet they have found as often as not that the heart cannot subsist on the dry bread of knowledge alone. The heart not only craves love and sympathy, it insists on bestowing them, too. Now when a woman discovers that she has left man out of her calculations, she discovers also that man has left her out of his. She has gained a great deal of wisdom, but she has gained it too late. She may be an intellectual spinster; never can she be happy wife. She might have been man's superior; she has become but his equal—one, parenthetically, of whom he is a trifle afraid.

But experience teaches. In the future it is safe to assume that women will understand that affection and self-development are not irreconcilable, that intellectual attainments do not release her from femininity, that the wisest women are the most lovable, that the strongest are the gentlest, that mind may allure, but that graciousness enchains. When that is learned, and it is as simple and as true as that two and two make four, then how welcome the New Woman will be.

In Spain, in the old days, when the powers that were fancied that a man was in possession of coveted information, they gave him his choice between making a clean breast of it and the thumbscrews, sometimes the rack, as often as not the hot side of the fagot. That form of procedure was termed inquisitorial, and such was its cruelty that, as enlightenment increased, nations revolted at it. In reading the newspaper accounts of Mr. James Waterbury's recent examination in what is termed Supplementary Proceedings I could not but compare them with the practices in vogue in mediæval Spain, and I could not but feel that the latter were less barbaric. In the old days a man had his choice between talking and torture. Under the Code which we have made for ourselves not alone there is no choice but the victim must talk and be tortured, too. For to put a man who never intentionally injured a fly, a man who possesses the esteem of every one that ever came within a mile of him, to put such a man on the rack—on the stand I mean—and there force him to talk to all the world about his wife, about his family, about his butcher's bill, about everything, in fact, which decent people rarely mention even to their intimates, is simply the refinement of cruelty. Physical pain may, to use Swinburne's expression, be set in you "like a jewel," and never will it consume and corrode as does mental distress. And, personally speaking, I know of no form of suffering more acute than that which Mr. Waterbury, through no fault of his own, has been compelled to endure. There are people who like publicity, and we saw a good many of them during the Lexow investigations. Mr. Appo, for instance, the green goods man and all around bilk, was a shining example. But to force a form of publicity almost identical on a man who is at once honorable and unfortunate, and therefore doubly sensitive, is a shameful act.

Speaking of shameful things there is one which needs a little legislation and which, strange as it may seem, is to have it. There is a bill that will require no lobbying to pass, one that is backed by the postal authorities, and which makes the mailing of an anonymous letter a penal offense. In Williamsburg a short time ago a young man shot his young wife. He had loved her ever since she was a child and she had loved him. But a woman, jealous not of him nor of her, but simply jealous of the visible manifestation of their happiness, concocted a series of anonymous letters which she forwarded to that husband one after the other, drop by drop, as you may say, just as a viper distils its venom, until at last the poison did its work and a sweet and harmless girl was shot. There is one instance. Had I the space I could quote many another, and sadder ones, too. For always does the aggrieved turn, not on the aggressor, but on the assailed. You will say that he

does not know who the aggressor is, and perhaps at the moment he may not; but just as murder will out, so with a little patience invariably is the writer of anonymous letters detected, and almost invariably, I regret to say, is the writer a woman. There is the notable cause célèbre of Belmont against Beck which forms, I think, the one exception that makes the rule. It took the late Mr. Belmont nearly eighteen months to discover who was the author of the anonymous letters that were sent to his house, but, sagacity aiding, ultimately he did. Mr. Brander Matthews, by the way, made a very dramatic story out of it. One may always discover who the writer of an anonymous letter is; the victim has but to remember that vermin fear the light, to recall in what darkness he may at any time have groped, and then, with such indicia as typewriting, handwriting and postmarks for his aids, instead of injuring the innocent he can put the guilty where they belong and in stripes at that.

The success of this antepenultimate season is Fregoli. Every one is talking of him, the newspapers are full of him, and the music hall in which he appears is packed night after night. Moreover, the applause which he gets is just as voluminous as that which Salvini received. That he deserves that applause I admit; I could wish, though, that it were a trifle more discriminating, for if Salvini is Italy's best actor Fregoli is but Italy's best amateur. An amateur, however, who is so full of surprises that one may readily overlook the absence of art. The cleverly with which he changes his costume is, of course, but a trick; but the ease with which he changes his voice is a treat which we have not had here before. To hear a good tenor is always a pleasure, but to hear a tenor who can sing soprano, and who can vary that ability by singing baritone and basso as well is something quite unique. There is a scene, too, that he gives which is simply delightful—a girl taking a singing lesson from her teacher. Up to the very end you can't tell which of the two is Fregoli, and then you are all the more confused at discovering that the teacher and the girl are one and the same. But as you look at the man the marvel of it somehow decreases, for his mouth, otherwise attractive, is big enough to sing a duet.

In enumerating things which make up Paradise, Omar Khayyam began with a book of poetry. There has been much good verse written, there is very little now. Save Swinburne, there is not to-day, in the entire world of letters, one great poet. What the morrow holds, who may tell? But if there be no great poet, there are several excellent singers. Among these I command to you Cameron Rogers. Who he is, whether English or American, Irish or Scotch, I do not know; but I think that, like myself, you will wish to learn more of him, and I think, too, you probably will, for the following verses, which I stumbled over by accident, are as admirable as any that I have seen for many a day. The first two lines of the third stanza might perhaps be strengthened—they sound a little hackneyed, a little forced; but the central idea of the poem is original, its manipulation perfect, and I defy any one who cares for good verse to read the ending without experiencing a thrill of real delight. But read and judge:

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

"Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end and there
A cross is hung.

"Oh, memories that bless—and burn!
Oh, barren gain—and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross."

EDGAR SALTUS.

THERE ARE BOYS AND BOYS.

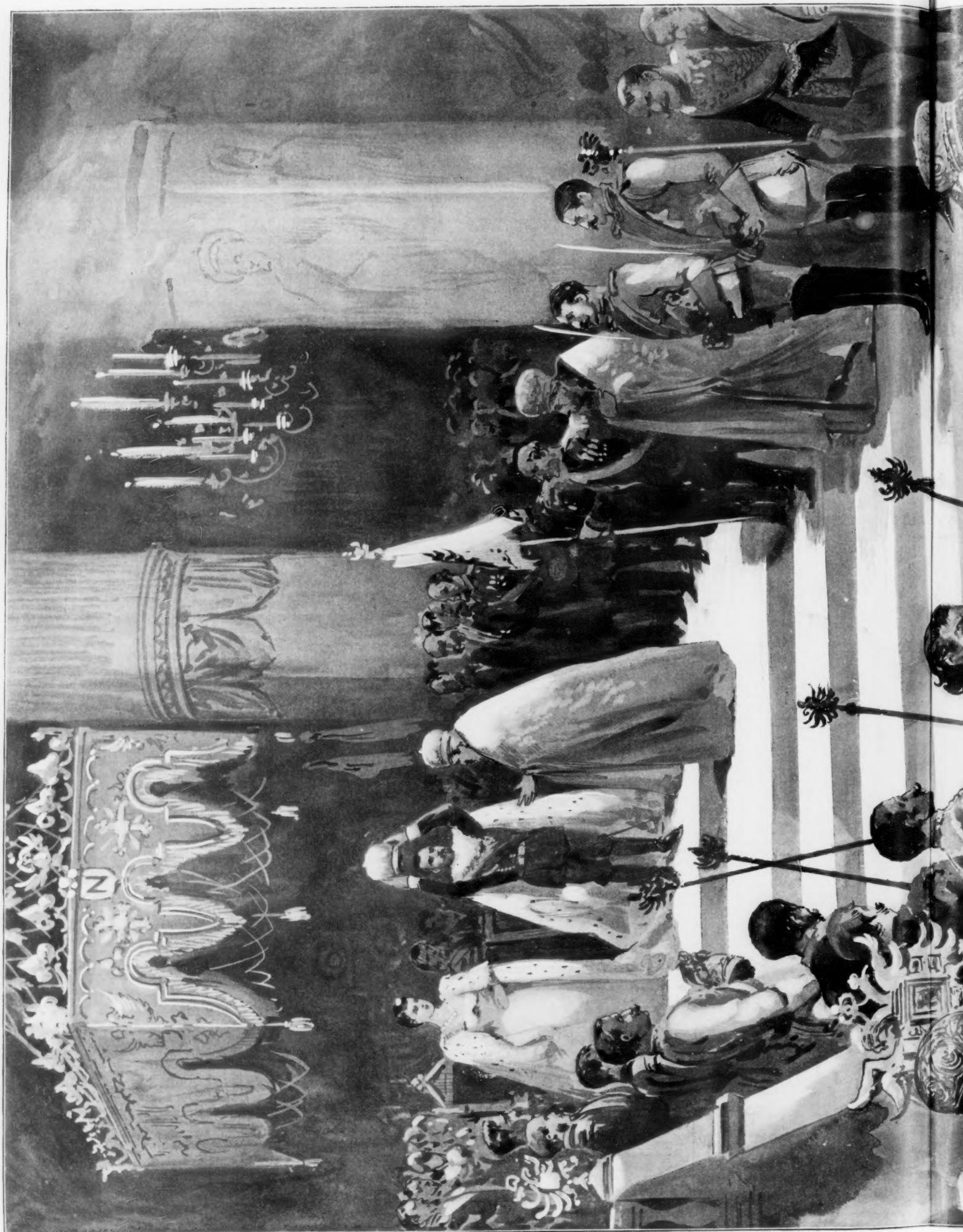
The question of inflicting corporal punishment on pupils by teachers in public schools has been lately agitated in Newark, N. J. The idea of ungraded schools for incorrigibles, where flogging should be permitted, has met with considerable favor among school principals and trustees.

It is alleged that since corporal punishment of pupils was abolished by law school teachers have had a hard time in controlling unruly pupils. Beyond a doubt there has been no improvement in the manners of the average boy during the last decade, and it may or may not be owing to the lack of the flagellating process.

While it seems to be very doubtful if punishment in any shape will affect a moral change in the nature of children, we have to remember that fear of the law prevents a considerable amount of crime in the adult. Moral suasion is the cry of a great many people, who believe that they can do more by it than in any way else; but moral suasion on a wooden-headed boy is something like water on a duck's back oftentimes. Wherever a look, a gesture or the lightest form of reproof will prevail it is undoubtedly better to avoid severer punishment; and the establishing of schools for incorrigibles might serve to preserve a higher moral tone among those who only need the mildest kind of admonition.

COLONEL COCKERILL AND THE "WORLD."

It seems that some misapprehension was caused by the will of the late John A. Cockerill. By its terms Joseph Pulitzer was made executor of the deceased journalist's small personal estate and was alluded to in complimentary terms by the testator. It seems, however, that the will was made when Cockerill was still the editorial chief of the *World*, and before it had been thrown away like a sucked orange by the great manipulator. It is understood that no token of respect was made by the *World* at the funeral in the shape of even a message of condolence or a floral offering. This is a strange commentary on the greatness of mind which is supposed to rule that remarkable institution.





THE CORONATION CEREMONY AT MOSCOW.—THE CZAR CROWNING HIMSELF.

THE AUTHOR.

(A Poem delivered at the opening of the Club House of the Authors' Guild, on Wednesday evening, May 13, 1896.)

HAVE you not seen him, fired with hope,
In fields or where broad cities are,
Casting his mental horoscope
Of life and nature, field and star?

Lambent with wit, perhaps austere,
But stirred by passion's quenchless flame,
The author fills his chosen sphere
Heedless of wealth, or rank, or fame.

The varying seasons come and go—
The golden dawns, sweet evening time;
Yet from his heart forever flow
Rich strains of thought, and sculptured rhyme.

Tis he who fronts the hills of May
While apple-blossoms fill the air,
And carols ring, and zephyrs play,
And Beauty comes for our despair.

Before Assyria's greatness was,
Before the date of Babylon—
Prophet of rapture, or of loss—
His guild its birthright had begun.

Bibles and Litannies of old—
Wafts from the shores of Paradise—
Were his—the stories he has told
Of human hopes and destinies.

Descendant he, of more than kings
Or any sumptuous regal line,
Who puts the seal of thought on things—
An exequatur half divine.

What Plato thought in vocal phrase,
Beneath the rustling Grecian trees,
Still glows through our so distant days,
In books of all the centuries.

No question, says a bard supreme,
On social order or the state,
Has risen from any later stream
That Plato did not first create.

And Homer, dear to boys and men,
How breezy-thoughted, deep and rare!
Should warfare shake the world again,
He tells what deeds true heroes dare.

His is the measure of a fame
Which thought of duty, not of bread;
Alas! how many of the name
From this lean larder have been fed.

Know you not him of Nishapur—
Astronomer and poet, too—
Life's pensive-sweet interpreter,
Who lived where Persian roses grew?

His Maharajah, Sheik and Shah
To ancient dust long since have blown;
But he who wrote without a flaw,
No fate or time shall make unknown.

With Dante's, Goethe's, Shakespeare's line,
Not counting measure or degree,
Still noble souls their lives entwine,
Unscared by rags or poverty.

The Muse of History from afar
(Herodotus, Thucydides,
Gibbon and Mommsen)—every star
High glistening in the ranks of these)

Knows well what bitterness of toil
Was borne to make its great renown;
Delving in depths of spirit soil,
There came an everlasting crown.

The story-teller's art uprose
In lands that catch the Orient day,
Nor has its wonder found a close
In Fielding, Scott or Thackeray.

Keen Heine, Carlyle, sharp Voltaire,
Shelley and Tennyson and Keats
Plucked flowers that prove forever fair—
Thoughts that the world each day repeats.

Monarchs like these have built secure
The monument more firm than brass;
All else may perish—here endure
Records that cannot fade, or pass.

Sweet Sappho, and the Salic line,
Figure in this too scanty list;
All honor to Eve's face divine—
Her pens, as well as lips, are kissed.

Though editors who look askance,
Blue-mark the author's verse or prose,
And publishers destroy his chance,
The valiant line of authors grows.

Some day, when Wisdom has its mart.
And stocks in Wit and Beauty rise,
On "honey-dew" he'll feed his heart,
And "drink the wine of Paradise."

—JOEL BENTON.



THE latest literary idol of the American public is Mr. Stephen Crane. The critics are at his feet, the public, it is alleged, is surging about his shrine offering up its golden incense, and his predecessors in favor are shrinking within themselves consumed with envy. And these statements are not based on the reports of an industrious and well-paid press agent, but on close, impartial observation. The critics, with few exceptions—notably the New York *Sun*—seem to have gone daft over Mr. Crane. Their laudations, for they appear to attempt no serious criticism, are hysterical. The fact that Mr. Crane's balderdash is a noisy defiance of all the rules and principles of style, construction and even grammar makes no difference. That he does not know the difference between singular and plural, nominative and objective, or that such trifles as sequence of tenses and agreement of verb and substantive are either beyond the pale of his knowledge or unworthy of his notice, it matters not. The critics needed an idol, the lot fell to Mr. Crane, and he has accordingly been proclaimed the most successful American writer of fiction who has appeared on our horizon for years.

A writer in the New York *Journal* takes the critics to task, pointing out that what Mr. Crane has done in impossible English and in schoolboy style in "The Red Badge of Courage," was done years ago by Ambrose Bierce, in "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," the difference being that Mr. Bierce's book was a model of pure English, and vivid word-painting. He says:

"In all the chorus of inflamed appreciation directed at Mr. Crane's story of 'The Red Badge of Courage,' the prevailing argument used in its favor has, both here and abroad, almost invariably been founded on the text of the story's surpassing originality. Never was there so vivid a written dissection of the inside of a man in battle, say the critics. We are told that Tolstoi, Zola and, in another line, Verestchagin, are outdone by the precocious protege of the Philistines.

"The curious part about all of this is that it is not so. That not a single critic in America should, in referring to the 'Red Badge,' have remembered Mr. Ambrose Bierce's 'Tales of Soldiers and Civilians,' and seen that Mr. Crane has merely done crudely what Mr. Bierce did most admirably, is enough to make one wonder whether the critics really read at all, or whether they merely listen to the conversation of people who think they do."

"If to pose with impossible poetry and write bad prose," he says, further on, "are to become the requisites for success, it should be easy of attainment. In fact, one can think of but few of the gentlemanly beings that preside over ribbon counters that might not so succeed. It is true that they might find it hard to gain the all-powerful aid of a large publishing firm, or the laughter-exciting admiration of East Aurora, but—there are doubtless others."

His concluding remark indorsing the late Mr. Barnum's theory in regard to the public seems fully justifiable.

A unique mode of celebrating the birthday of a great teacher has been adopted by the pupils of Professor Kries of Heidelberg. A man's own published works are usually his monument; and yet they may embody only a part of what he really contributes to science. He may continue to work through the pens of his pupils. In attestation of the value of the work, both direct and indirect, that Professor Kries has done in the department of political economy a handsome volume has just been issued. It contains essays written by representative pupils of the master whose seventy-fifth birthday it celebrates. They are such essays as might have appeared in any periodical devoted to economic subjects; but they all pay tribute to Dr. Kries. They call attention to problems that he has solved and to further work that his teaching has inspired. A copy of the work was presented to him on his recent birthday, in March of the present year; and his surprise and pleasure attested the success with which the secret of the preparation of the volume had been kept.

The work has an international character. Austria is represented by Dr. V. Böhm-Bawerk, the Imperial Minister of Finance, and Germany by Baron V. Boenigk of Breslau, Professor Goethein of Bonn, and Professor Leser of Heidelberg. America is represented by Professors Seligman and Clark of Columbia University. The papers from America are printed in English. The interest that the work has for Americans is not entirely due to the large number of students from this country who have enjoyed the instruction of Professor Kries. The editor of the volume, Baron Otto V. Boenigk, has contributed a scholarly discussion of "The Chinese Question in America." Recounting the facts concerning the migrations of the Chinese to different parts of the world, he describes the conditions in which their presence is welcome, and those in which it becomes unwelcome. He gives in detail the measures taken in America to limit or to prevent further immigration from China, and makes a scholarly study of the economic effects that the presence of a body of Chinamen would produce. It is, in his view, a race question that is mainly at issue, rather than a question of economics.

THE "HORSA" CASE.

The Supreme Court of the United States held an extra session May 18 for the purpose of hearing argument in the matter of the "Horsa" Cuban expedition growing out of the conviction of J. H. S. Wiborg, Jens P. Petersen and Hans Johansen, citizens of Denmark, in the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, for a violation of the neutrality laws of the United States. The case was argued for the appellants by Mr. Phillips and Mr. Ker, the latter of Philadelphia, and for the Government by Attorney-General Harmon and Solicitor-General Conrad.

Counsel for the appellants assert that, assuming the case to be as stated for the Government, such a state of

facts does not constitute a "military expedition." The men had a right, so far as our laws are concerned, to join the Cuban army and to go to Cuba for that purpose, either singly or together. Nor were they forbidden by our laws to convey to such army munitions of war. The passengers on the "Horsa" were not armed when they left this country and did not proceed to the scene of the insurrection as an organized body, capable of levying war. The statement of the judge that they were armed is a finding of a fact not warranted by any evidence.

On the other hand, the Attorney-General and his associates contend that the main question presented in the case was a narrow one—namely, the meaning of the phrase "military expedition or enterprise." They submitted that an "enterprise" was military whenever it was "relating or pertaining to war," or "connected with a state of war," or was "appropriate to the affairs of war." When the men and the cargo come aboard together; when the men have control of the cargo; when they are organized to the extent of acting in concert; when, whether or not they have any other leader, they are accompanied by a pilot brought by themselves, and who acts as guide to their common destination; when they land themselves and their cargo together by their own physical efforts—that, in their opinion, constituted a military enterprise.

TO RESTRICT IMMIGRATION.

It has been evident for a long time past that something must be done to curtail emigration to this country, at least for a certain period. Industrial changes of various kinds, including the introduction of improved machinery, and the concentration of manufacturing interests, have thrown large numbers of bread-winners out of employment and made it hard for others to get a living. If charity begins at home, those persons already settled in this country should be protected, by some such restrictive legislation.

The legislation would also be as much in the interests of the intending immigrants as ourselves, because if they come here to face dull times and slack work they are not at all benefited by the transition. In other words, it is not desirable for any interests that the remuneration for labor in this country should be brought down to either European or Asiatic standards, because it would have a deterrent influence on the advance of civilization.

In view of this fact it would seem that the McCall Educational Test Bill passed by Congress last week is a move in the proper direction. The essential points of the bill are that it excludes all male persons between the ages of sixteen and sixty years who cannot both read and write the English language or some other language. With the exception of aliens who by approval of the Secretary of the Treasury are permitted to come here for the purpose of teaching new arts or industries, no alien shall be permitted to remain here for the purpose of engaging in any mechanical trade or manual labor who resides or retains his home in a foreign country.

It will also be unlawful for any person, partnership, company or corporation knowingly to employ a person who retains his residence abroad unless he be an employee of United States shipping or transportation companies whose duties require them to pass over the frontier to reach the terminal of their routes. It will also be unlawful for any alien to enter the United States except at the places where the United States maintain an immigration inspection board, except they are subjects of other American countries.

The bill seems to be specific enough in its provisions to cover all general purposes and seems to be drawn in the interests only of the general public.

THE RISE IN SUGAR.

The price of sugar is a question which interests every homekeeper in the country, and the recent phenomenal rise in price seriously affects the pockets of the poor.

As usual, the holders of sugar stock—the inside men, and manipulators of the trust—have played a shrewd game and raked in various millions on which they will be able to undertake European tours during the coming hot spell. There is a royal style about the inflicting of such taxes upon the public of this age which contrasts remarkably with the way the old robber barons used to levy toll upon industrious citizens.

Incidentally there has been a great impetus given to the business of German sugar refiners owing to the destruction of the canefields in Cuba, and in addition to paying higher figures for the article we are now getting inferior goods, because the beet root of Germany does not yield as good a quality as the sugar cane.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR.

In spite of the opposition of persons of prominence and weight in affairs it seems that the formation of a permanent Board of Arbitration between this country and Great Britain is now practically assured. The question involved in such a step is a momentous one, and millennial in its character, but, it would seem, not all beyond the range of practical politics.

It is a significant fact that the first proposition for such an arrangement emanated from the United States and was first responded to by Great Britain. A concurrent resolution was adopted in both the Senate and House of Representatives in 1890, inviting any Government having diplomatic relations with us to enter into negotiations for the arbitration of "any disputes which can be adjusted by diplomatic agency."

Three years later the British House of Commons adopted resolutions suggesting the hearty co-operation of Great Britain in the project. The matter was taken up enthusiastically by the British public and has stirred popular feeling very deeply in both countries. A permanent Committee on Arbitration will meet shortly at Washington to submit plans for an international tribunal, and there seems little doubt that the project will develop into a virtual agreement to settle matters in dispute between the two countries without naval demonstrations or any of the other current bluffing engaged in by diplomats.

The effect on business here will be undoubtedly beneficial, as financial affairs will not be so frequently unsettled by the action of statesmen who walk around with "chips on their shoulders."



POPULAR EDUCATION.

The Atlanta *Journal* hails as significant the announcement that President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University has been mentioned for the place of Superintendent of Schools in New York. It indicates a fuller appreciation of the importance of popular education. The Journal says further:

"It is clearly the duty of those who have the control of public schools to secure the best talent they can command for the management of those schools and every progressive city will give them the means of securing such service. It would be a good thing for New York to secure President Gilman as its school superintendent and probably it would be a good thing for President Gilman also. It would perhaps be easier to find an acceptable president for Johns Hopkins than it would be to find a model superintendent for schools which contain over three hundred thousand children."

NEWSPAPER TRIALS.

We have no hesitation in indorsing Joe Howard's opinion as expressed in the following paragraph in the *Recorder*: "The appeal of a woman, on trial for her life, to the newspapers that they would let her alone and allow the jury to determine her guilt or innocence, is enough to make the hot blood of indignation mantle the forehead of every respectable writer, of every honest reader. The scandalous treatment of Mrs. Fleming by a few barebrained penny-a-liners is an outrage which Goff should have stopped with the very first publication." This is right. The practice of trying criminals in the newspapers has bred much mischief and should be stopped.

The same trial gives rise to another train of thought on the part of the *Tribune* man. The smart criminal lawyer seems to be the particular object of his dislike. He says:

"It is well for justice that she is blind, or she would see things done in her name that would turn not only her scales but her stomach. The raking together of the Fleming jury, with all its attendant procedures, is one of the performances which her bandage mercifully curtains from her; but it does not differ essentially from the average exploit of the smart criminal lawyer, who seems to exist for the purpose of securing immunity to crime and criminals. There is no prospect of his abolition, but some hope, in these days of reform, that the tail of his pretensions may be chopped off close behind the ears. Then it may be possible to assemble a jury decently and in order, as the ordinance contemplates."

PAYING GUESTS.

"A new development of the greed for money and the desire to keep up appearances," says Lady Violet Greville in the London *Graphic*, "is afforded by the silly euphemism of paying guests, instead of the plain, if unwelcome, appellations of lodgers or boarders. A guest, *per se*, means a person entertained, not entertaining, and the sacred rites of hospitality are thus egregiously caricatured. How far will this development extend? Paying invitations, to which great ladies lend their names, and for which the general public, under the guise of charity, must pay an extra entrance fee, shops kept by ladies of quality, where the wares sold are retailed at exorbitant prices, also under the guise of charity, are already exploited by their various promoters. Bazaars have long been accepted by the clergy as recognized modes of begging and fleecing your friends and well-wishers, but it is nearly time to draw the line at the vast network of humbug that is being spread over society by shrewd and speculative people. If not, we shall shortly be invited to dinner, and, having guilelessly accepted, find the plate sent round at dessert to defray the expenses of the entertainment; the doors of country houses, which their owners find it hard to keep up in accustomed style and magnificence, will only open to people anxious and willing to pay for the honor; parties will be given on co-operative principles to a greater extent than they are now, titled women lending their names, and parvenus finding the money, until friendship becomes a mockery, and the most popular person is the one who can pay the most. If charity covers a multitude of sins, let us, at any rate, disperse it from business, and buy our way to heaven in a clean and open market, not clandestinely with our tongues in our cheeks and our hands in our neighbors' purses."

A LONG-DISTANCE VIEW.

"One of the laws passed by the New York Legislature this year," says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, "provides for the consolidation of the Astor, Lenox and Tilden Libraries, the new building to be erected on the site of the old reservoir at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Such a library will be a credit to the country."

It will be, given certain conditions. If, however, the same antiquated methods which now prevail in the Astor and Lenox are perpetuated, if the same disregard of the public and its rights continue to be shown by the management and its servants, the new library will hardly be an unmixed blessing. It will be simply an aggravated form of the present alleged blessing.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

The advocates of peace and the opponents of the measures for the increase of our armament would do well to remember, as the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* puts it, that "it is as true now as it was when Jefferson said it, that 'A defenseless position and a distinguished love of peace are the surest invitations to war.' The nation, in other words, that provides itself with ample means of protection and stands ready at any time to resent an insult or avenge a wrong is usually the one that has the least fighting to do."

COLD COMFORT.

"The Spanish Cabinet," says the Philadelphia *Record*, "is quite welcome to extract what comfort it can out of the assertion of Senor Castellano, Minister of Colonies, that its order modifying General Weyler's tobacco edict antedated any protest or remonstrance against the same from this country, and was a purely voluntary act of graciousness. The United States Government is not bent upon achieving diplomatic victories, but upon securing the rights of its citizens. Inasmuch as contracts for the sale and delivery of leaf tobacco between American importers and Cuban planters are usually made in advance of the harvesting of the crop, the revision of the edict by excepting all leaf tobacco previously contracted for from the prohibition against exportation will practically nullify the embargo so far as American consumers may be concerned."

THE NEW LIGHT.

Molecular action of high rapidity is, Nicola Tesla thinks, the secret of the X rays. In his experiments with light, recently, Mr. Tesla has demonstrated his theory so far as another form of light force is concerned. X rays are not luminous, but an illuminating light which it is claimed is vastly superior to any at present in use has been produced by Tesla in a partial vacuum tube. He claims that his light is produced with one-third the force now required to produce arc lights. The molecular action is caused by touching these Tesla tubes at any point with an electric wire which causes a rapid motion of the particles.

Simultaneously with the announcement of Tesla Mr. Thomas A. Edison is ready with a new form of light produced in vacuum tubes. Mr. Edison says that the advance made by his discovery is even greater than that announced by Tesla, and that the result of his experiments is a perfectly white light practically developed so as to be ready for the market. "With one burner a light can be thrown into every corner of a room," says Mr. Edison, "and photographs taken by it."

D. McFarlane Moore, a prominent electrical expert, is exhibiting a new vacuum light at the electrical exposition which marks another great advance in electricity. Mr. Moore claims that his is the first demonstration of a great stride in electrical lighting and that photographs taken by his light are better than those made by daylight. As a result of his challenge to Edison and Tesla all the new lights will probably be exhibited to experts before the exhibition closes.

BIOGRAPHERS AND DETECTIVES.

"If I discovered, *per impossible*," says Andrew Lang in *Longman's Magazine*, "that Jeanne d'Arc ever did a wrong thing, my duty to the stock of human pleasure would outweigh my duty to the truth. 'Never mind the truth' would be my motto; 'perhaps there is some mistake somewhere.' Or, suppose, also *per impossible*, that one discovered a check forged by Burns. One would destroy it and say nothing about it. A biographer is not a detective—he is not presiding at the Day of Judgment. These ideas will be considered immoral. Many French authors try (quite in vain) to prove that Molière married the daughter of his mistress. This kind of spirit seems to be not uncommon at present among biographers, a class which Mr. Carlyle thought used to be so meaty-mouthed."

"Poor Highland Mary is harried in her modest resting-place, 'washed by the western wave.' One thing we do know very well about her—namely, that Burns wanted nothing to be known. She had lived and he had loved her; there he manifestly desired that information should cease, and Lockhart has actually been blamed for leaving it there. Of all the duties of a biographer, one can regard none more stringent than respect to the secrets of his subject. If he can, he should burn and obliterate; if he cannot, he should forget. Yet if a letter of Burns to Highland Mary, clearing up all that he desired to remain concealed (if anything is left) could be found, the devotees of Burns (as a rule) would make haste to publish the epistle. Of all cant 'the public has a right to know' is the most odious. The public has not a right to know."

"The greater a man is, the more he has done for us, the less right have we to pry into his secrets. Byron apparently did not want his famous burned memoirs to

be secret, and the destruction of them was a strong measure. But as certainly Keats did not mean his love letters to be published. A biographer at this distance of time might read them and give his account of the general impression which they convey as to Keats's health and mental condition."

RAPID TRANSIT BY EXTENSION.

Rapid Transit for New York City has long been considered one of the most important problems needing solution. The decision of the Appellate Court against the report of the Commission in favor of an underground system is considered as a most remarkable piece of judicial action.

The mere fact that an underground system is feasible at all, at moderate cost, should seem to have been sufficient grounds for the approval of the Court, because of the ultimate necessity of using tunnels for purposes of traffic on Manhattan Island. If the system outlined could have been built for fifty millions, as averred by the Commissioners and seemingly proved by the fact that responsible firms were willing to contract for the work for that sum, the amount was trivial compared to the advantage offered.

The alternative now before the Commission is to accept an offer from the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company or to sell the franchise to the highest bidder who can guarantee the speedy construction of an independent elevated system. As a consequence of the Court's decision Manhattan "L" stock went up rapidly after the announcement, and great jubilation prevailed in the Sage-Gould camp.

There is plenty of room in New York for another "L" system, and it would seem to be a better thing to have competition between two systems than to rely upon the mercy of one. It is surprising what competition does sometimes, and if it should not happen to benefit the New Yorker, wearied of hand-straps and crowded cars, it would serve, at least, to vindicate the management of the Manhattan Company and purge it from the obloquy which has been heaped upon it in recent years.

EXHIBIT OF HISTORIC CARRIAGES.

Among the many remarkable and gorgeously decorated carriages which were exhibited at the Crystal Palace, London, was one comparatively plain little vehicle which always attracts a knot of sympathetic gazers. It was the miniature coach which was built for the Prince Imperial, and used by him when a child. This pathetic relic of the ill-fated Prince was loaned by his mother, the Empress Eugenie, who also contributed to the loan exhibition the saddle, bridle and other carriages used by Napoleon III. in the campaign of 1870.

Of far greater historical interest, however, was an exhibit loaned by Colonel Lionel Tufnell-Tyrell, a carriage which undoubtedly belonged to the great Duke of Wellington, and which a credible tradition asserts that he actually used on the field of Waterloo. It was presented by the second Duke of Wellington to Sir John Tyrell, the grandfather of its present possessor, and it has remained ever since at Boreham House, Colonel Tufnell-Tyrell's seat at Chelmsford. The carriage is remarkable not only for its historic interest, but as a specimen of the coachbuilder's art, for it can be taken to pieces and formed into four separate vehicles.

The South African carriage, locally known as a "Cape Spider," in which Lord Randolph Churchill rode during his excursions in South Africa in 1890, was loaned by his widow. A very handsome specimen of the work of the eighteenth century coachbuilders was the "Tilbury" or carriage, loaned by Mr. J. A. Simpson. Among the horseless vehicles shown was a steam motor carriage built by James Henderson & Co. of Glasgow, in 1870, for the late Mr. Charles Randolph, the well-known engineer and shipbuilder. It made several trips in the neighborhood of Glasgow, and once journeyed from Scotland to London, and then, after conveyance across the Channel, steamed on to Paris.

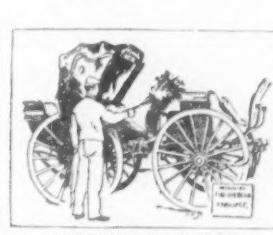
A CLOSE DECISION.

Justice Peckham decided the following question, certified to the Supreme Court of the United States from the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals: In the case of the United States vs. Harry Laws: "Is a contract made with an alien in a foreign country (A. Seelinger, at Darmagen, Germany, July 22, 1889), to come to this country as a chemist on a sugar plantation in Louisiana (belonging to Harry Laws), in pursuance of which contract such alien does come to this country and is employed on sugar plantation in Louisiana, and his expenses paid by the defendant, a contract to perform labor or services as prohibited in the alien contract labor laws?" The Supreme Court answered no.

SUCH an item as was flashed across the cable the other day recalls the time when kings were kings, and not mere puppets in the hands of Prime Ministers and Cabinets. The King of Swaziland having a new rifle with which he desired to practice went out and picked off half a dozen of his own servants as if they had been so many pigeons. This little piece of independence on the part of the Swazi King is likely to get him into trouble with the great Powers. England or Germany will probably now proceed to put a few volleys of grape into his swarthy army—for artillery practice—and then annex the country in the interests of civilization.

ANTIQUE TILBURY, OR CARRIOL
Of the Louis XVI period

THE FIRST CARRIAGE USED BY THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL

AN EARLY STEAM CARRIAGE
Built about 1870LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S CAPE SPIDER
Used by him in his travels in South AfricaTHE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S CARRIAGE
Used by him in his travels in South Africa



SCENES IN AND AROUND MANCHESTER.

EMBLEMS OF THE VETERANS.

THE regulation badge of the G.A.R.—an eagle perched in the apex formed by the crossing of two cannons, from which falls a ribbon in the form and with the colors of the American flag, from which is suspended a star—is familiar to every one, but the army corps badges are not so well understood. A description of them may be of interest. Each one of the army corps is distinguished by a badge; the form of the badges indicate the corps and the color the division—red first, white second, blue third, green fourth, orange fifth.

FIRST CORPS.

The first organization of corps was in pursuance of general order No. 101, issued by General McClellan, under the directions of the President, dated Headquarters Army of the Potomac, March 13, 1862. The First Corps was composed of the divisions of Franklin, McCall and King, and was commanded by General McDowell. On August 12, 1862, this organization was discontinued and the troops of the mountain department, under the command of General John C. Fremont, were designated as the First Corps. Shortly after the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac was recreated and General John F. Reynolds was its commander until killed at Gettysburg. The succeeding commanders of the First Corps were Generals J. S. Wadsworth, John Newton and W. S. Hancock.

SECOND CORPS.

The Second Corps was composed of the division of Generals Richardson, Blenker and Sedgwick, and was commanded by General E. V. Sumner. On August 12, 1862, it was ordered that the troops of the Shenandoah Department constitute the Second Corps, under command of General N. P. Banks. Later the President directed that this corps should thereafter be known as the Eleventh, and the old Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac resumed its organization and was a conspicuous factor in all the campaigns of that army. Its various commanders were Generals E. V. Sumner, D. N. Couch, John Sedgwick, O. O. Howard, W. S. Hancock, William Hays, G. K. Warren, J. C. Caldwell, A. A. Humphreys, F. C. Barlow and Gershon Mott.

THIRD CORPS.

The Third Corps was commanded by General S. P. Heintzelman, and contained the divisions of Generals Porter, Hooker and Howard. The order of August 12, 1862, directed that the troops under General McDowell, except those within the city and fortifications of Washington, should form the Third Corps and be under the command of General McDowell. By the order of September 12, 1862, the President designated this as the Twelfth Corps and restored the former Third Corps as provided in order No. 101. This organization was continued until the consolidation of the Army of the Potomac by General Grant, March 23, 1864, when the troops of the Third were assigned to other corps and it passed out of existence. The men of this and other discontinued corps were, however, permitted to retain their corps badges. In his order consolidating the army General Grant stated that the First and Third Corps were not discontinued because of any inferiority, but solely for the purpose of making a more efficient organization. The various commanders of the Third Corps were Generals S. P. Heintzelman, George Stoneman, D. E. Sickles, D. B. Birney and W. H. French.

FOURTH CORPS.

The Fourth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, as organized under general order No. 101, was commanded by General E. N. Keyes, and consisted of the divisions of Generals Couch, Casey and W. F. ("Baldy") Smith. This organization was discontinued and the troops were transferred to other corps on August 1, 1863. On September 28, 1863, the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps, Army of the Cumberland, were consolidated and took

the designation of the Fourth Corps. The commanders of the new Fourth Corps were Generals Gordon Granger, O. O. Howard, D. S. Stanley and T. J. Wood.

FIFTH CORPS.

By general order No. 101, above referred to, the troops under General Banks, including the divisions of Generals Williams and Shields, were designated as the Fifth Corps. On July 22, 1862, this was changed and the forces commanded by General Fitz-John Porter became the Fifth Corps, Army of the Potomac. Its commanders were Generals Fitz-John Porter, Joseph Hooker, Daniel Butterfield, G. G. Meade, George Sykes, G. K. Warren, S. W. Crawford and Charles Griffin.

SIXTH CORPS.

By the provisions of general order No. 125, dated Headquarters Army of the Potomac, July 22, 1862, the Sixth Corps was organized under the command of General W. B. Franklin. Its history is inseparably

General Lew Wallace, commanding the Middle Department, was assigned to the command of the Eighth Corps. On July 11, 1864, the command passed to General E. O. C. Ord, but on the 28th of the same month General Lew Wallace resumed the command and that of all other troops in the department. Two divisions of this corps were, with other troops, under the command of General Crook during Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in the fall of 1864, but the organization was a provisional one. General Crook did not command the entire corps.

NINTH CORPS.

This corps was organized July 22, 1862, under the President's order of that date. It comprised the troops under General A. E. Burnside, belonging to the Department of North Carolina. Subsequently the corps was transferred to the West, participating in the Vicksburg campaign, and soon after the siege of Knoxville was raised the Ninth Corps returned to the East and participated in all the subsequent campaigns against the army of General Lee. Its commanders were Generals Burnside, O. B. Wilcox, John Sedgwick, W. F. Smith, J. G. Parke and R. B. Potter.

TENTH CORPS.

On September 3, 1862, it was ordered that the troops in the Department of the South should constitute the Tenth Army Corps, to be commanded by General O. M. Mitchell. While so constituted the corps was commanded, after death of General Mitchell, by Generals F. M. Branan, David Hunter and Q. A. Gilmore. The organization was discontinued December 3, 1864, but was recreated March 27, 1865, then embracing all troops in North Carolina not belonging to the Second, Ninth and Twenty-third Corps, and the army of General Sherman. General A. H. Terry was placed in command, and was succeeded by Generals Q. A. Gilmore, W. H. T. Brooks, D. B. Birney and Adelbert Ames.

ELEVENTH CORPS.

This corps was originally organized as the Second, but on September 2, 1862, received the official designation of the Eleventh Corps. It then consisted of the troops of the Shenandoah Department which had been under the command of General Banks. A few months later it joined the Army of the Potomac. In the latter part of September, 1863, it was transferred with the Twelfth Corps to the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga. On April 4, 1864, these two corps were consolidated and were known thereafter as the Twentieth Corps. The Eleventh then passed out of existence. The commanders of the Eleventh Corps were Generals Franz Sigel, F. Stahel, A. von Steinwehr, Carl Schurz and O. O. Howard.

TWELFTH CORPS.

This corps was first organized as the Third, its designation being changed to the Twelfth by order of the President, September 12, 1862. Its commanders were Generals H. W. Slocum and A. S. Williams. The identity of this corps with that of the Twentieth Corps, so far as shape is concerned, will be remarked.

THIRTEENTH CORPS.

The first organization in the West was under the provision of an order dated October 24, 1862. All troops, under command of General Grant, commanding the Department of Tennessee, were designated as the Thirteenth Corps on December 18, 1862. These troops were organized into four corps, known as the Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth. General John A. McClernand was assigned to command of the new Thirteenth Corps. It was commanded subsequently by Generals E. O. C. Ord, C. C. Washburn, N. J. F. Dana and W. P. Benton. On June 11, 1864, the organization was broken up and the troops were transferred to other corps. In February, 1865, the corps was reorganized and Major-General Gordon Granger was placed in command. No official badge was ever adopted for the Thirteenth Corps.

FOURTEENTH CORPS.

On October 24, 1862, General W. S. Rosecrans relieved General D. C. Buell, in command of all the troops which up to that time had been known as the Army of



the Ohio, under the order of October 24, all forces under General Rosecrans were designated the Fourteenth Corps and so continued until after the battle of Stone River. The corps was divided into three grand divisions which were known as the right wing, center and left wing, and commanded respectively by Generals A. McD. McCook, George H. Thomas and T. L. Crittenden. January 9, 1863, the corps was divided into three, and was known as the Fourteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-first. It was commanded successively by Generals George H. Thomas, J. M. Palmer, R. W. Johnson and Jeff C. Davis.

FIFTEENTH CORPS.

This corps was organized December 18, 1862, from troops of the original Thirteenth Corps. Its commanders were Generals W. T. Sherman, F. P. Blair, John A. Logan, P. J. Osterhaus and W. B. Hazen.

SIXTEENTH CORPS.

The Sixteenth Corps was organized at the same time and in the same manner as the Fifteenth. It was first commanded by General S. A. Hurlburt and afterward by General N. J. T. Dana. In March, 1864, part of it, under General A. J. Smith, was "loaned" by General Sherman, to whose command it belonged, to General Banks for his Red River expedition. It continued that year to operate along the Mississippi until December, when it joined the forces of General Thomas at Nashville. Two divisions of the Sixteenth under General G. M. Dodge took part in the Atlanta campaign with the Army of Tennessee. After the fall of Atlanta the corps was broken up, one division being assigned to the Fifteenth Corps and the other to the Seventeenth.

SEVENTEENTH CORPS.

This corps was organized at the same time as the Fifteenth and Sixteenth, and General James B. McPherson was assigned to its command when General Sherman organized the Armies of Cumberland, Tennessee and Ohio into a grand army for the campaign of 1864. General McPherson was assigned to the command of the Army of Tennessee, and General F. P. Blair succeeded to the command of the Seventeenth Corps. Its other commanders were Generals T. E. Ransom and W. W. Belknap.

EIGHTEENTH CORPS.

It was organized December 24, 1862, and comprised the troops then in the Department of North Carolina. General J. C. Foster was assigned to the command. He was succeeded by Generals J. N. Palmer and B. F. Butler. On August 1, 1863, the troops of the Seventh Corps were consolidated with it. The corps was reorganized July 17, 1864, and then comprised all the troops of the Department of North Carolina and Virginia then serving with the Army of the Potomac in the field. General W. F. ("Baldy") Smith was its commander. He was succeeded by Generals J. H. Martindale, E. O. C. Ord, John Gibbons and Godfrey Weitzel.

NINETEENTH CORPS.

On January 5, 1863, it was ordered that the troops in the Department of the Gulf should constitute the Nineteenth Corps to be commanded by General N. P. Banks. The corps did not serve in the field as a compact body after the Red River expedition. In 1864 the greater portion of it returned to Washington, and in the summer and fall of that year served in the Shenandoah Valley, in the army of Sheridan. The commanders of the corps succeeding General Banks were Generals W. B. Franklin, W. H. Emory, J. J. Reynolds and C. Grover.

TWENTIETH CORPS.

When the Army of the Cumberland, then known as the Fourteenth Corps, was subdivided under the order dated January 9, 1863, the right wing was designated as the Twentieth Corps. It so continued under the command of General A. McD. McCook until shortly after the battle of Chickamauga, when it and the Twenty-first Corps combined and became the Fourth. The new Twentieth Corps was then formed by the consolidation of the Eleventh and Twelfth, which had been sent West from the Army of the Potomac. It adopted the badge of the Twelfth—a five-pointed star. It was commanded first by General Joseph Hooker, and subsequently by Generals A. S. Williams, H. W. Slocum and J. A. Mower.

TWENTY-FIRST CORPS.

The left wing of the Army of the Cumberland became the Twenty-first Corps January 9, 1863, under command of General T. L. Crittenden. It was also temporarily commanded by Generals T. F. Wood and J. M. Palmer. It passed out of existence when consolidated with the Twentieth into the Fourth, after Chickamauga. No badge was ever adopted for this corps, as corps badges did not come

into general use in the Army of the Cumberland until after it was merged into the Fourth.

TWENTY-SECOND CORPS.

The troops of the Department of the Shenandoah were on February 2, 1863, organized as the Twenty-second Corps under the command of General S. P. Heintzelman. The corps was subsequently commanded by Generals C. C. Augur and John G. Parke. The corps did not long exist as such, the troops being assigned after a few months to other organizations.

TWENTY-THIRD CORPS.

This corps was organized April 27, 1863, and was then composed of the troops in Kentucky not belonging to the Ninth Corps. It was commanded by General G. L. Hartsuff, and later by Generals M. D. Manson, J. D. Cox and George Stoneman. The corps was also known as the Army of Ohio. It was reorganized for the Atlanta campaign, being largely reinforced by new regiments, chiefly from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. It was then put under the command of General John M. Schofield, and later commanded by Generals J. D. Cox and S. P. Carter.

TWENTY-FOURTH CORPS.

The white troops of the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps of the Army of the James were, on December 3, 1864, consolidated and formed the Twenty-fourth Corps under the command of General E. O. C. Ord. The subsequent commanders of the corps were Generals A. H. Terry, Charles Devens, John Gibbon and F. W. Turner.

TWENTY-FIFTH CORPS.

This corps consisted of the colored troops of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina. It was organized December 3, 1864, with General Godfrey Weitzel as its commander. After the fall of Richmond he was succeeded by General C. A. Heckman.

POTOMAC CAVALRY CORPS.

The First Corps organization of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was on April 15, 1863, General Stoneman being assigned to its command. On April 4, 1864, General P. H. Sheridan was placed at the head of this corps.

WILSON'S CAVALRY CORPS.

The cavalry which served in connection with the Army of the Cumberland under General J. H. Wilson had a corps organization and adopted a badge of its own.

ENGINEERS AND MECHANICS.

The various regiments which in 1864 were organized in this capacity were known as the Engineer Corps, and were of the highest usefulness in the field during the latter part of the war.

SIGNAL CORPS.

The signal service of the army reached a very high state of efficiency in 1864, and every army had its thoroughly organized corps of signal officers and men. An appropriate badge was adopted consisting of two flags crossed and between them a flaming torch.

WM. R. SMITH OF THE GOVERNMENT BOTANICAL GARDENS.

MR. WILLIAM R. SMITH, Superintendent of the Government Botanical Gardens at Washington, is one of the most unique characters of that cosmopolitan city. He is a Scotchman by birth, an American by adoption and a poet by nature. He loves the land of his birth and its romantic traditions with the purest sentiments; he loves the flag of his adopted country with all the ardor of his chivalric nature—but the real idol of his soul is the poet of his native land, "Robbie" Burns.

Near the main entrance of the extensive Government hothouses stands the long, low cottage, the home of the Superintendent—one long, low story with Mansard roof facing south; the casual visitor little dreams that the ivy-covered cottage is a mine of treasures.

Entering the hallway, to the left is a small dining-room, and beyond it a miniature kitchen. On the right is a library of goodly proportions where portraits of the beautiful boyish face of the Scotch poet smile on you from every nook and cranny. One particularly fine steel engraving is framed in heavy oak, exquisitely carved in Scotch thistles, and rests on an easel of the same workmanship.

Bronze studies, portraying the poet at different periods of his life, adorn the handsome brackets hanging from the walls. The whole atmosphere is Scottish, and the soul of Burns pervades it. The bookcases are of dark heavy carved oak, and all the furnishings are massive. The library is the pride of its owner's heart,

who has spent a half-century collecting its gems, many of which have curious histories.

For many years Mr. Smith has lived alone in the little cottage, with his books and his dogs, "Flora" and "Robbie," and during these years has collected engravings, prints, books, songs—in fact all the representative music, poetry and fiction of the Scottish bards. He has many of the original engravings and choice copies; his collection is the best obtainable. He has also a copy of nearly every edition of the poet's works, as well as his biographies. Some of these copies are very old, and it is conceded to be the largest, most complete and most valuable Burns collection in the country.

For several years past Mr. Smith has been busily adding to the value of his library, by collecting Scottish songs. Of many he has copies of the original musical publications, and contemplates arranging them, with the music, in book form, with the view of publishing in the course of time.

The library also contains a rare collection of works on horticulture, as well as the standard works of the best writers of fiction. In person Mr. Smith is tall and sinewy, giving the impression of much reserve strength. His face is rugged, with a short, thick, grizzly beard; but the eyes are blue and tender as a woman's. No one ever dares take a liberty with him, and the strangers coming with extravagant requests are apt to learn a lesson of real Scotch brusquerie not easily forgotten. But to those who enjoy the privilege of his friendship it would be hard to find a more charming host, or pay a visit where one would be more cordially entertained. He has held the position of Superintendent for forty years, yet is still hardy and rugged. His outdoor life and wonderful constitution bid defiance to and challenge Time.

During the years of his incumbency Mr. Smith has been in touch not only with the political magnates of his time, but with the wives and families who go to him with requests of all kinds, and to get information regarding their own flower gardens and conservatories.

At one time the Botanical Gardens were subject to the Library Committee of the House of Representatives, the chairman of which gave the orders on Mr. Smith for cut flowers or plants to any member making the request. Although the order was in no respect peremptory, it has been whispered that the size of the basket faithfully indexed the regard in which the applicant was held by the Superintendent. Yet, with all his bluff Scotch manner, Mr. Smith has always been deservedly popular, and has held the position through all the political changes without making enemies. The increase of the numbers of members of Congress necessitated a change, and they now must take their turns in receiving favors from the Botanical Gardens.

On the upper floor of the cottage are three small bedrooms and the parlor over the library. The parlor is a veritable museum of souvenirs, many of the beautiful articles scattered around having been brought from all parts of the world and attest the esteem in which their owner is held. The large cockatoo that brightened the banana hothouse, and was the delight of the children of a past generation, has long been a very dead cockatoo, but under its glass case occupies a conspicuous position. Beautiful specimens of Oriental carving and dainty silver knick-knacks are everywhere. Costly rugs are scattered over the floor, and gems of Japanese and Chinese embroidery adorn the backs of chairs, while rare engravings cover the wall. Portraits of the wife of his early manhood, too, are everywhere in evidence. A large graphoscope and stand, both handsomely carved, was bought years ago by Mr. Smith from Glasgow. It is by far the handsomest one in Washington, and has a number of folding secret recesses in which can be stored several hundred pictures.

Mr. Smith is also accredited with being the possessor of the finest collection of photographs of political celebrities in the country. The value of these portraits is enhanced by the autograph which appears on nearly every one. He is undoubtedly the most conspicuous representative of his native land in this country, and is prominently identified with the various Scottish clan organizations, not only in Washington, but throughout the length and breadth of the land.

As a horticulturist he stands prominent, and was not only the principal judge of the Horticultural Exhibit at the World's Fair at Chicago, but was requested to appoint his associates, who with him decided the awarding of prizes. The directors of the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta paid Mr. Smith a similar compliment, and he, and the two associates selected by him, were the guests of the Exposition during their month's stay.

The flowers and plants of the Botanical Gardens are as dear to him as if they

were children; and notwithstanding the number of assistants and employees, he is always nursing some drooping plant or tenderly caring for others. His big, generous hands are often more generously coated with unmistakable mud, yet his friends forget the fact when they shake his honest hand. To him the flowers are living things, and he often says he feels as if he were wantonly hurting a child when he plucks a flower. He loves his books and his flowers for their own sake, and has been content to retain the position he has held so many years. By enriching his library he has impoverished himself, as Government is not overgenerous in the matter of compensation, and many of Mr. Smith's treasures represent the earnings of many months.

The idioms of the "braes and bourns" still cling to him, and the broad Scotch accent lends a tender note to his voice, as he greets some favored one as "Girlie." Flowers are his care, and to make them a matter of barter to him seems a sacrifice. The greatest proof of his regard is when, of his own free will, he plucks some dainty blossom to give to one of his favorites.

Mr. Smith's vast knowledge of horticultural matters and the resources at his command could have lavished wealth and fame on him years ago; and while others, many of whom learned their first lessons from him, have made fortunes, yet he has lived on alone, happy and content with only his books and flowers to fill the measure of his beautiful poet life.

KATE THYSON MARR.

SUBURBAN HOMES.

In a country like ours, where land may be had on such very easy terms, it may not be uninteresting to glance over the many advantages of possessing a suburban home where, far from the maddling throng, one might rest and recuperate one's vital vigor from one day to another.

The subject is very ably treated in the June number of the *Cosmopolitan* by R. Clipston Sturgis. A long article is devoted to the question, and a contrast drawn between the suburban homes of England and our country—the restful beauty not only of the more noted country seats for which England is so justly pre-eminent, but also of the humbler homes which cling to the outskirts of the great cities, or form part of the smaller towns and villages. They have an air of comfort and quiet dignity; they look substantial, respectable, self-contained, inviting.

This is quite true, and not one hour's journey from London, almost within earshot of its roar and bustle, there are quiet, peaceful nooks which might have inspired a Wordsworth or a Goldsmith. Take Woodgreen, on the way to St. Albans by the line of St. Pancras Station, and there nestles a typical hamlet with homes such as one dreams of for many a day: Harrow on the Hill, Hampstead Heath and other places equally accessible.

Seeing the ill effects of the herding together of teeming millions in large cities, where a life of the hardest labor, at a minimum of wage, allows the wretched recipient only a hand-to-mouth existence, which never permits him to rise above the level of hard work on one side or dire necessity on the other, this rush for life has given rise to the tenement-houses and flats, near to the place of business, where human beings do not live, but merely exist like the animals without a thought beyond. From one generation to another is bequeathed a life of toil; whereas to those who can afford a home and a lot of their own in the present, the future means wealth.

But it is not in England alone that those happy, peaceful, restful dwellings are to be found. They abound on the continent of Europe—in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Spain, Portugal and Italy. One sees a home which has been handed down from one generation to another intact. There is none of the homeless feeling apt to weigh on the mind of the inepicuous in this magnificent country. But it is the rush for wealth as much as anything else which makes the millions of the United States strangers to the meaning of the Old World refrain, "Home, Sweet Home."

The suburban homes in the Old World have this restful feeling even among the humblest artisans. Frame houses are unknown, except the Swiss chalets. But in the British Isles stone and mortar, with slate or tile roofs, prevail. A frame house in the woods may be very charming, but as a permanent residence it conveys no idea of dignity. It is not substantial, solid, enduring, like the homes of the Old World.

Mr. R. Clipston Sturgis says: "But how many of us have homes where such rest as we need can be found? In some homes social duties—often of the most tiring description—absorb all leisure moments. In other homes the day's work has been so overpoweringly heavy and burdensome

that nothing but dull sleep—restless at that—is possible for the tired occupants. Or, again, there are homes that deserve not at all that sweet and lovely name, and which are the mere shells covering uncongenial families who have no ties but the inevitable ties of blood, no sympathies in common, no common faith, no common love. But there are some homes where love and truth are found—homes which mean to the father a real haven, looked forward to through the day's hard work with eagerness; to the mother the home of her husband and children, where all she loves best are about her, and to the children that safe shelter where loving arms are ever about them. These are indeed places of rest for those who live in them.

"To make these homes all that they might and should be there ought to be some real privacy. A flat is better than hotel life, one's own home is better than a flat, and a house with a bit of land, and that land quiet and private, is best of all. Privacy is an essential growth of home life—privacy for the indoor family life, and privacy, if possible, for some sort of out-of-door life. Without privacy the tender home affections and associations cannot grow. It is as necessary for the family as a whole to have some time when they are alone, as it is for each individual to have some time to commune with his own soul and be still. We all need breathing-places where we can stop and consider our way, and for a family there is the same need to see each other occasionally with no outside interests to distract and divert. So only can the mother know her children as they gather at her knee, so only can the father come into true companionship and comradeship with them as they come around him in that 'children's hour' for stories or pictures or games."

Then continuing he speaks of the city-living people who have their houses on the outskirts, where land is cheaper and where one may have a little more air to breathe than can be had in a flat, or even a town house. "It is," he says, "to the dwellers of these suburban houses that I wish especially to appeal. In the title I use the word homes rather than houses, as it is of homes in the real old English sense that I want to write, not of the houses in which we merely eat and sleep, but of the place that is filled either with associations, the charm of the past, or with delightful possibilities—the charm of the future. To those who do not care for these things I do not appeal; but to that large number of people who have vague longings for what is best and yet never find even a partial realization of their ideas, to them perhaps I may bring suggestions."

The suggestions are then given that the first essential of a home is privacy—the opportunity to consider and treat the family life as something sacred and apart from the outside world with its cares and troubles—a circle to which you will not admit any one lightly and without consideration.

The second consideration is that it should be beautiful. How this beauty is to be obtained is very exhaustively and ably treated, so that, whether a simple cottage or a great mansion, it may still be beautiful, and fit for its purpose. The element of beauty in the home is considered by the writer as essential on account of the daily influence—imperceptible, perhaps, yet certain—which it exerts on ourselves and those yet more impressionable ones, the little children, whom we have received as a precious gift, and on whom the daily associations of childhood will make lasting impression. After explaining the influence of our own lives, past and present, on our children, he goes on to describe two classes of houses: first, those which are on a small lot sufficient only for the house and a yard or garden; second, places of sufficient size to admit driveways and stables. The arrangement of a half-acre lot is dealt with in two illustrations. Figure 1, which shows where the house would face the narrow way of the lot, and give space in front of the south side so as not to be affected by near neighbors; the north wall would have to be nearly on the lot line, and the space behind would be dark and damp and so a waste piece of ground. In Figure 2 take a road running from east to west. The south and the sunny front then faces the street where we do not want to live, and yet we want sun in our living rooms. Therefore, as we do not want to place our house across the lot and let it throw its shadow on our garden, we place it end on.

A vine-covered veranda is suggested as a shield for the quiet garden and a hedge will do the rest. For those of a practical turn of mind, who find vegetables a better return for money than flowers, there is space enough for fresh peas, beans, lettuce, tomatoes, small roots and sweet herbs, and if there is a wall, or even a stout fence, a considerable quantity of fruit can be grown: pears, peaches and quince, or other small trees, will bear abundantly while yet kept in small com-

pass by the pruning-knife, and will often ripen better on a wall than in the open.

Contrast such houses and such gardens, says the writer, with the average suburban affair of stained shingle and many-hipped roof, planted in the middle of its plot of ground and perhaps approached by an asphalt walk or guarded by a pair of cast-iron lions.

For more pretentious suburban dwellings a more elaborate description is given, with an illustration of a rose garden, and a fountain adorned with an angel in lieu of the Old World sun-dial. The house is two stories, which in these days of sky-scrappers and elevators is a recommendation in itself. Four acres of land is the quantity now under consideration, not a foot of which is wasted.

Such homes as these are really within our reach, he concludes. (I wish they were.) They will not cost as much as many of our suburban residences with the fancy stone ashler, hideous with bad carving; low-cut stone walls, serving as a boundary only, and neither low enough for a mere curb nor high enough for any protection. It is almost necessary to have lived in such a house as that good old one in the New England town, or the one in the little English village (which is new, by the way), to know what pleasure and delight they afford and to realize how far these pleasures outweigh those of impressing our neighbors or the casual passer-by with the magnificence of our residence—and a good deal more wholesome pleasure, too, for one to indulge in. The very effort to make the house and grounds pleasant, sweet and homelike, will help to draw together the various members of the family, and will, with the children, absorb much of the time which otherwise would be unhealthily employed.

MEN WHO ARE FRIENDS OF CHILDREN.

THE interest of the intelligent public naturally centers around those who wield an influence over our young people. To gain a national reputation as a friend and comrade of children is, in consideration of the qualities and endowments it requires, to gain the most enviable of all reputations. There are several young American authors whose names are household words and who are beloved by thousands of young people throughout the length and breadth of our land.

To the boys of America the name of Kirk Munroe is a magical one. If there is an American soil an intelligent, book-loving boy who has not read one of the famous "Mate" series, with all my heart I am sorry for that little fellow. Kirk Munroe was born in Wisconsin and educated at Harvard, and previous to his career as an author he served a literary apprenticeship in New York City—two years on the *Times*, two on the *Sun* and the remaining two as editor of *Harper's Young People (Round Table)*, which position he resigned to become a writer of books for boys. He is a most conscientious, painstaking writer, making a careful study of his work and always visiting the scene of his story, and for this purpose devotes three months of each year to travel. His Florida books, as well as "Raft Mates" and "Dory Mates," are all records of personal experience. The style is spirited and the descriptions are graphic and calculated to hold the interest of the reader from beginning to end; but, like all of Mr. Munroe's books, are so free from sensationalism that no mother need hesitate to place them in the hand of her boy. Before writing "Derrick Sterling" Mr. Munroe lived the life of a miner: in the preparation of "Dory Mates" he cruised in a Gloucester fishing schooner; "Under Orders" is a record of his own experience as a reporter in New York; six weeks in the oil fields resulted in "Prince Dusty"—perhaps his most popular book, and one of the most charming stories ever written for young people.

In 1893 Mr. Munroe visited the Pacific Coast and Alaska to obtain material for "The Fur Seal's Tooth" and other recent books. He writes with great rapidity, never being occupied longer than a month in writing a book. In speaking to me of his work he said:

"Writing is hard work for me. I do not enjoy it, and if I allowed myself a moment's reprieve from the time I begin a book I honestly believe it would never be finished. I am naturally lazy and am obliged to force myself into a systematic routine to accomplish anything. When I have finished a book I feel like one who has just come out of prison."

He writes from two to three books each year, having certain hours each day set aside for writing when he shuts himself up in his study and is not seen by any one until his task is accomplished.

Since the publication of his first book, "Wakulla," he has made his home at Cocoanut Grove, on Biscayne Bay, Florida. In this picturesque wilderness home, en-

tirely remote from civilization, he spends eight months out of each year, with the companionship of his wife, who is the daughter of Amelia E. Barr the novelist. Mr. Munroe is an enthusiast in athletic sports. His yacht, the "Alapatta," is seldom idle a day. He is also an expert canoeist and cyclist, and believes that plenty of outdoor exercise is an absolute necessity to good work in literature. He is well known as the leading organizer of the principal athletic clubs in America. He is a young man of slight, athletic figure. A man of exceedingly modest and unassuming manner, with a face that one would look at a second time meeting it anywhere, because of its genial kindness and the keen, alert eyes that nothing escapes. Although devoting his life to entertain and instruct young people, he has no children of his own. When he mentioned this fact he said, with one of the swift smiles that characterize him:

"The children of America are my family." And a good-sized family it is. Five thousand children met him at the World's Columbian Exposition at the "Round Table" reunion, and he receives thousands of letters from the boys and girls who have learned to love the author as well as his books.

CHARLES F. LANIUS.

Southern California is the home of a man who has in the last few years sprung into prominence as a writer for young people. Charles F. Lanius, the author of "A New Mexico David," "A Tramp Across a Continent," "Strange Corners of Our Country," and other popular books recently published, has achieved success with almost phenomenal rapidity. His books, aside from the rare charm of style, are so instructive and wholesome in character that one does not wonder at their popularity. "A Tramp Across a Continent" is a description of his famous trip on foot from Cincinnati to Los Angeles, Cal. When the writer visited Mr. Lanius at his delightful home in Los Angeles, he said of this adventurous undertaking:

"I was not walking for a wager, but to see the country. I wanted to see it better than one can from the rear end of a Pullman car. I do not believe in the library traveling indulged in by many writers; it amounts to sitting at home and kneading over the work of some one else. One should go to the scene of his story and live there. That is the way to get material—let it soak in! Why," said the author, earnestly, "it is not dealing honestly by children to do otherwise—in a certain sense it is cheating them."

In 1888, owing to ill health, Mr. Lanius went to New Mexico, residing for four years in the Pueblo of Isleta with twelve hundred Indians for neighbors. While here he was married, and here his little blue-eyed daughter Turhesuve (Sun-Rainbow) was born. Afterward he spent two years in South America, in scientific research and gathering material for recent books. In addition to his other work he is at present editor of a Southern Californian magazine which is fast growing into prominence. Mr. Lanius's pleasant home is filled to overflowing with trophies of his travels—rare Indian and Mexican curios, many of which have interesting histories. His gracious young wife and the fair-haired baby daughter make up his family; the latter is the author's constant companion, and does not hesitate to put her inquisitive little nose inside her father's study without so much as "by your leave, sir."

Mr. Lanius is a young man of great ability and remarkable energy, and an unceasing worker. His books for young people are eagerly watched for by all lovers of wholesome, instructive literature.

ELIZABETH A. VORE.

OLD AGE AND CULTURE.

Census returns from various parts of Europe show a remarkably large percentage of centenarians. They show, too, incidentally, many other curious facts in connection with people of advanced age, as is shown by recent observations of a German statistician. He has carefully studied the returns and finds, among other things, that a high order of civilization seems to be unfavorable to great length of life. The German Empire, with 55,000,000 population, has but 78 subjects who are more than 100 years old. France, with fewer than 40,000,000, has 213 persons who have passed their hundredth birthdays. England has 146; Ireland, 578; Scotland, 46; Denmark, 2; Belgium, 5; Sweden, 10, and Norway, with 2,000,000 inhabitants, 23. Switzerland does not boast a single centenarian, but Spain, with about 18,000,000 population, has 401.

The most amazing figures found by the German statistician came from that troublesome and turbulent region known as the Balkan Peninsula. Servia has 575 persons who are more than 100 years old; Roumania, 1,084, and Bulgaria, 3,883. In other words, Bulgaria has a centenarian to every thousand inhabitants, and thus

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holds the international record for old inhabitants. In 1892 alone, there died in Bulgaria 350 persons of more than 100 years. In the Balkan Peninsula, moreover, a person is not regarded as on the verge of the grave the moment he becomes a centenarian. For instance, in Servia there were in 1890 some 290 persons between 106 and 115 years, 123 between 115 and 125, and 18 between 126 and 135. Three were between 135 and 140.

Who is the oldest person in the world? The German statistician does not credit the recent story about a Russian 160 years old. Russia has no census, he says, and except in cases of special official investigation the figures of ages in Russia must be mistrusted. The oldest man in the world is then, in his opinion, Bruno Cotrim, a negro born in Africa and now resident in Rio Janeiro. Cotrim is 150 years old. Next to him comes probably a retired Moscow cabman, named Kuskin, who is in his 140th year. The statistician says the oldest woman in the world is 130 years old, but neglects to give her name or address, possibly out of courtesy; or, perhaps, in view of the extraordinary figures which came to his hand from the Balkans, he thought a subject only 130 years old was hardly worthy of particulars.

TEACHERS' PENSIONS.

Connecticut school teachers are experimenting with a scheme the working of which will be watched with interest by their confreres all over the Union. The object of the scheme is to provide for themselves annuities in the time of their disability or old age. They think that by laying an assessment on their salaries they will be able to maintain a fund which will give to every disabled teacher and every teacher who has served thirty years or more, a yearly income equal to half of his or her regular pay.

If the scheme proves successful the State should support it liberally and other States should adopt it. Various ways of pensioning veteran pedagogues have been discussed in recent years, and there seems to be a general feeling that it would be just and grateful in the States to ease the declining years of those who have worn themselves out in educating boys and girls. This Connecticut enterprise indicates the self-reliant spirit of the teachers, and it would work admirably in connection with a system of reasonable State pensions.



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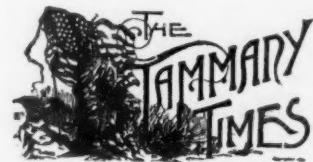


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